

THE
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THE ENGLISHMAN'S CALENDAR.

DECEMBER.

- 1 Edmund Campion, Jesuit and martyr, d. 1581.
The Faery Queen, by Spenser, licensed, 1589.
 - 2 St. Paul's Cathedral opened, 1697.
 - 3 Samuel Crompton, inventor, b. 1753.
 - 4 Queensland made a separate colony, 1859.
 - 5 The Anatomy of Melancholy, by Robert Burton, published, 1621.
Macaulay's History of England published, 1848.
 - 6 John Jacob, brigadier-general, d. 1858.
 - 7 John Flaxman, sculptor, d. 1826.
 - 8 John Pym, statesman, d. 1643.
 - 9 John Milton, poet, b. 1608.
 - 10 Sir Hugh Myddelton d. 1631.
Charter of the Royal Academy, 1768.
 - 11 Provisions of Oxford, 1258.
 - 12 Robert Browning, poet, d. 1889.
 - 13 Samuel Johnson, author, d. 1784.
 - 14 Suttee abolished by Lord William Bentinck, 1829.
 - 15 Izaak Walton, author, d. 1683.
 - 16 Oliver Cromwell made Lord High Protector, 1653.
 - 17 John Selden, lawyer and jurist, b. 1584.
 - 18 The Company of Merchant Adventurers incorporated, 1551.
 - 19 John Turner, painter, d. 1851.
Trinity College, Cambridge, founded, 1546.
 - 20 c. Le Morte D'Arthur of Sir Thomas Malory, 1470.
 - 21 St. Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, b. 1117.
 - 22 John (Old) Crome, painter, b. 1768.
 - 23 Sir Richard Arkwright, inventor, b. 1732.
Thomas Malthus d. 1827.
 - 24 Sir Thomas Roe's embassy to the Great Mogul, 1615.
 - 25 Pope Adrian enthroned, 1154.
 - 26 George Romney, painter, b. 1734.
Edmund Burke first returned to Parliament, 1765.
 - 27 John Davis, Arctic explorer, d. 1605.
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- 27 Charles Lamb, author, d. 1834.
- 28 Westminster Abbey consecrated, 1065.
- 29 Charter of Trinity College, Dublin, 1592.
Thomas Sydenham, physician, d. 1689.
- 30 Roger Ascham, author, d. 1568.
Sir John Holt, Chief Justice, b. 1642.
- 31 John Wycliffe d. 1384.
Charter of the East India Company, 1600.
The Bridgewater Canal opened, 1772.

(1) Campion deserves honour on the same grounds as Latimer and Ridley, for he endured torture and death rather than deny his religious convictions. He was condemned ostensibly on political grounds, but in attempting to prove him guilty of treason, the prosecution, says Hallam, 'was as unfairly conducted and supported by as slender evidence as any, perhaps, that can be found in our books.' He was a man of great learning, piety, and sweetness of disposition. (2) The first public service performed in Wren's Cathedral was a Thanksgiving for the Peace of Ryswick. (6) Jacob is one of the most notable of Indian heroes; soldier, political agent, administrator, pacificator and civiliser of barbarous tribes, he is still held in highest honour by the people among whom his work was done. (10) A great name in the seventeenth century. The then unexampled undertaking called the New River, which brought pure water to London from the springs of Essex, was accomplished by him. He was a goldsmith in London of Welsh birth. (18) This Company was formed by London citizens anxious to find new trading channels, for the purpose of discovering 'a way and passage to Cathay by the north-east.' Their first fleet of three ships started in May 1553, and stumbling up against Russia introduced it to Western Europe. Five years later another expedition opened up a trade across the Caspian Sea to Central Asia.

J. M. S.

JOHN WILKES.¹

DIED DECEMBER 25, 1797.

AN ANNIVERSARY STUDY.

'We write the biographies of nobody,' said the late Lord Bowen, 'and celebrate the centenaries of nothing'; but John Wilkes, in spite of his reputation, stands for a good deal more than nothing in the constitutional history of this country. Mankind has always wondered, and will no doubt continue to wonder, without much profit, at the apparent unworthiness of the instruments which are selected to achieve great ends, and the supposed lack of high qualities appropriate to the part in history he was called upon to play has always been the feature dwelt upon in considering the career of the senior partner in the firm of Wilkes and Liberty, who admitted that he at least was never a Wilkesite, but did more for the success of the joint business than if he had been. Wilkes has suffered more than most men from the friends of his youth; not only did they turn against him in his lifetime, but the fact of their association with him has been made the chief cause of complaint against him by posterity, which forgets that he was only one of a band of sinners, and by no means the worst, the other members of which added treachery and hypocrisy to their vices, but enjoyed the patronage of a monarch whose morals were as unimpeachable as his folly. If Wilkes was bad, there can be no doubt that Lord Sandwich was a hundred times worse. It was the singular fate of that distinguished nobleman to make the fortunes of two very dissimilar champions of freedom—Wilkes and Lord Erskine—for, had it not been for his shabby conduct to one Captain Bayley, Erskine would never have been called upon to make that famous maiden speech before the King's Bench, and had he not practised the particularly base piece of treachery towards Wilkes which gained him the name of Jemmy Twitcher, the latter would probably never have been Lord Mayor of London and Member for Middlesex.

¹ For excellent and entertaining accounts of Wilkes and his times, see Mr. Fitzgerald's 'Life' in two vols., and a most judicious and impartial Essay by Mr. Fraser Rae in a volume called 'Wilkes, Sheridan, Fox.'

John Wilkes was not, as William IV. said of a well-known naval officer, when proposing his health, 'sprung from the dregs of the people'; his father was a successful distiller, a trade which, in those days, as in these, frequently opened out a career of public usefulness to the son. Without wasting his time, like Gibbon, amid the 'prejudice and port' of Oxford, he went to Leyden, where he acquired a useful working knowledge of Latin, and the capacity to converse with elegance and freedom in the French tongue, and he also seems to have picked up more than a bowing acquaintance with Greek. Among his friends there were two future Chancellors of the Exchequer—Dowdeswell and Charles Townshend. Even then he was a pushing enterprising fellow, amusing, and excellent company, and eagerly desirous of making a mark in the world, and disposed to adopt extravagant profligacy as the easiest and most agreeable method of doing it. He was afflicted with a tutor, whose views were not those of Wilkes. Being a Dissenting minister, of Unitarian proclivities, he passionately desired to convert his brilliant pupil to his own particular heresy, and so worried Wilkes that, from conviction or expediency, the latter expressed his entire, and not partial, disbelief in the Scriptures, which led to a rupture. After quitting Leyden Wilkes travelled in Germany, and on returning home found that he was expected to marry. A more incongruous match than that into which he now entered has never been known. It combined the disadvantages which flow from marriage at an immature age, and those which are usually supposed to result from a match founded on business principles. The lady was well off, but possessed no other recommendation in the eyes of her husband, for she liked to retain, as he to spend. 'It was a sacrifice,' to quote his own words, 'to Plutus rather than to Venus,' and that goddess, as all human experience shows us, is the most prompt to resent any disrespect done to her altars. Mrs. Wilkes had also the misfortune to be a Dissenter, in an age when it meant something more than a reputation for greater austerity than other folks; she was also ten years his senior, being thirty-two, while he was only two-and-twenty, the same age as that at which St. John married for money.

It is difficult to lay all the blame for his subsequent follies upon the back of a youth thus injudiciously mated by parental schemes. But there is little to commend in his choice of associates. Sandwich, Dashwood, and Potter were the leading spirits of the

band, and their prime orgies were held at Wilkes' house in Great George Street, a locality now sacred to the frigid muse of engineering. It is not necessary to say more of Sandwich than that he was, perhaps, the least respectable of the gang. Dashwood, much to his own discomfort, became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and posterity, agreeing with his own predictions, has held him the worst there ever was; he afterwards became Lord Le Despenser. Potter's father was Archbishop of Canterbury, and the son exaggerated the vices which are erroneously supposed by some to distinguish the sons of ecclesiastics; but he was an amusing scoundrel, and a great friend of Pitt's. It is little to be wondered at if Mrs. Wilkes was rarely seen at the head of the table when it was graced by these gentlemen.

Not content with the ordinary indulgences of a depraved taste, these associates and others founded the well-known companionship of the 'Medmenham Monks.' They purchased the ruined Abbey of Medmenham, on the Thames, and there practised what the gossip of the day alleged to be the most revolting travesties of the sacred mysteries of the Christian faith. Tradition has, in all probability, by no means made the least of their excesses. Dashwood had been obliged to fly from Rome for his scandalous conduct in the Sistine Chapel on the night of Good Friday, and he now entered the Abbey and became its Abbot. The monks were twelve in number, but there were a number of novices waiting for admission into this precious brotherhood. Wilkes and Sandwich became candidates for the same vacancy. The latter was chosen as the more wicked, and few will contest the judgment of their associates on such a point. Wilkes revenged himself for this slight on his character in an appropriate fashion. He shut a baboon in a chest, and let him out at the moment when Lord Sandwich was invoking the Devil. Both the revellers and the monkey being equally frightened, a scene of great confusion followed, and during the uproar the animal leaped on Lord Sandwich's¹ shoulders, who straightway fell on his knees and loudly expressed his penitence. For this practical joke he never forgave Wilkes.

The fortune of Mrs. Wilkes, though considerable, could not hold out for long against the inroads made upon it, especially as her husband was determined to adopt a political career, for which,

¹ According to another account the victim was Lord Orford.

indeed, he possessed almost every qualification. He was clever, impudent, agreeable, and possessed influential friends; there was, therefore, every reason to believe that at a time when that 'wild and dream-like trade of insincerity' was a more lucrative one than it is to-day, he might not only repair his resources, but attain that place in the public eye to which he always aspired. When we consider his career as a whole, it would seem that his early excesses were rather the result of a desire for notoriety than of pure viciousness; this is no excuse for him, but affords an explanation of his conduct as a young man, for during the rest of his life he was certainly no worse than most of his contemporaries in society. In politics, as in vice, he was thorough. He first contested Berwick-on-Tweed, and spent four thousand pounds over it. The Delaval family swayed the borough, and engaged a vessel to bring some of their supporters from London, but Wilkes bribed the Captain to steer for the coast of Norway, where in time he duly landed the free and independent electors. Wilkes, however, lost the election, and had the audacity to present a petition against his opponent's return.

Wilkes did not deliberately, as that typical Tory, Lord Eldon, always said he regretted he had not done, begin life as an agitator. He would have been a devoted follower of the great Commoner had he encouraged him, but, as in the case of Peel and Disraeli, the Minister did not substantially acknowledge his advances. Circumstances, however, made Wilkes his avenger after the disgraceful intrigue which placed Bute in power had half sacrificed the conquests of the Seven Years' War, and commenced the long struggle between the King and the Opposition. Lord Bute, like Sir Willoughby Patterne, 'had a leg,' and like Wilkes himself, kept a private printing press, but had little else to distinguish him. The fact that he was a Scotchman was the most tangible charge against him, and that he had overthrown by underhand means the popular idol. As twenty years had not elapsed since a Scotch army had marched to Derby, it is not surprising that Scotchmen were unpopular in London. Wilkes was in no way behind Dr. Johnson in sharing the national prejudice, and in expressing it throughout his life. In later years Boswell complained, when dining in the City, that he had been robbed of his handkerchief on the way. 'It is only the ostentation of a Scotchman,' said Wilkes, 'who wishes to show that he possesses one.' At the end of his life, when he took to

rural pursuits and kept fowls, he complained that they always flew back to the place they came from, until he procured 'a cock and hen pouter from Scotland; needless to say they never returned.'

When Bute came into power, Wilkes was M.P. for Aylesbury the second time, having been originally seated there by a complicated triangular transaction to which Pitt was a party, and in which Wilkes spent a large sum. He immediately plunged into a violent pamphlet warfare with the Government. There is no reason to suppose that he had any sinister personal aim in so doing; the circumstances fully justified violent opposition. He founded the 'North Briton' to answer the Government hacks, and so effectually did he catch the public taste, that he not only made the Government a laughing stock, but had no small share in frightening Bute into resignation. Forty-four numbers of Wilkes' journal passed unnoticed by the authorities, some of them containing scurrilities that might well have called for attention; but Bute had wisdom enough to let him alone. He was succeeded by George Grenville, one of the most destructive statesmen with whom a nation can be cursed, a man who mistakes obstinacy for firmness. With a view to being firm, he ordered the issue of a 'General Warrant' against the 'authors, printers, and publishers of a seditious and treasonable paper entitled the North Briton, No. 45.' This No. 45 contained nothing as bad as many of the previous forty-four, but it did contain a severe criticism on the King's speech at the opening of Parliament. Under this warrant Wilkes was seized, brought before the Secretaries of State for examination, refused to tell them anything, and was then lodged in the Tower, but was shortly afterwards liberated by Chief Justice Pratt (afterwards Lord Camden) under a habeas corpus, on the technical ground that he was a Member of Parliament. In one day he became a popular idol by the folly of the Ministry and the King. In fact, the next ten years of his life was a struggle between the King and Wilkes, in which the latter ultimately emerged victor at all points. The necessity for the destruction of Wilkes became as persistent an idea in the King's mind as that of Carthage in Cato's, and for this end he laboured persistently and untiringly, as a narrow and obstinate intellect can. No means were too base, no violation of the rights of the subject too daring to accomplish his end. When a younger member of the Royal family wished to be particularly annoying, he would open the King's door and

shout, 'Wilkes and No. 45 for ever!' and then run away. On emerging from the Tower, Wilkes sent a characteristic letter to the Secretaries of State saying that on his discharge he found that his house had been robbed, and 'I am informed that the stolen goods are in the possession of one or both of your lordships. I therefore insist that you do forthwith return them to your humble servant John Wilkes.' He also brought actions for false imprisonment against all the parties concerned in his arrest, and the printers who had suffered with him did likewise. They all recovered heavy damages, and Lord North afterwards confessed that these futile and disastrous proceedings had cost the Treasury in all no less than 100,000*l.* in legal expenses.

The King's enemies and those of the Ministry were naturally the friends of Wilkes. Among them Lord Temple, Grenville's brother, must be accorded the first place, for the energy he showed, not only in giving counsel, but also the sinews of war for carrying on the campaign; nor were his talents by any means despicable. Mr. Fraser Rae, whose opinions on any matters connected with the period are deserving of considerable respect, believes that he was the author of 'Junius.' There is no doubt that he was a very clever and malignant antagonist, who preferred dealing his blows with the least danger to himself. Macaulay's description of him is well known, and, like much of that great writer's brilliant characterisation, it does not err on the side of moderation. 'Those who knew his habits tracked him as men track a mole. It was his nature to grub underground. Wherever a heap of dirt was flung up, it might be suspected that he was at work in some foul crooked labyrinth below.' His support of Wilkes was, however, quite above-board, and the King retaliated by removing him from the Lord-Lieutenancy of Bucks, and substituting that model nobleman, Lord Le Despenser, the decorations of whose country-house were so indelicate as to shock Wilkes himself.

Foiled in the Law Courts, George now turned to Parliament, which proved more subservient than the judges. The House of Commons passed a resolution condemning No. 45 as 'a false, scandalous, and malicious libel,' a ridiculous misuse of terms. But Wilkes had most foolishly, like many other popular heroes, not been contented with a substantial victory, but must needs repeat his offence and reprint No. 45. The House sentenced it to be burned by the common hangman, and the printer to be put in the pillory. The mob burned a petticoat and a jack-boot instead, a

delicate reference to Lord Bute and the Princess Dowager. They took the printer to the pillory in a coach 'marked No. 45,' and made a collection for him to the amount of 200*l*.

Again the King had ignominiously failed. It remained for the House of Lords to vindicate His Majesty by means of one of the vilest conspiracies known to history, both for its subject, its authors, and the means employed to give it effect.

The name of 'Old Q.' is still the legendary symbol for all forms of vice. At this time the future Duke of Queensberry was the Earl of March. Among his retinue there was a chaplain, whose particular functions in that household were a source of irreverent conjecture among the noble lord's boon companions. But it was not long before he fully justified his employer's choice. He obtained, by bribery, one of the sheets of an infamous parody on Pope's 'Essay on Man,' called 'An Essay on Woman,' a few copies of which had been struck off at Wilkes' private press. This production was adorned with notes even worse than the text, purporting to be written by Bishop Warburton of Gloucester, a prelate rather more than suspected of unorthodox views, and rather more than conscious that he merited translation to a higher sphere of usefulness; for later on, having applied for the Bishopric of London, and being refused, he preached a sermon in the Chapel Royal, commenting on his own merits, and the inferior claims of his successful rival. Among his literary efforts was a 'Defence of Christianity,' upon which the views of the world in general were expressed by Mrs. Montagu, who wrote, 'Its levity shocks me, the indecency displeases me, and the *grossièreté* disgusts me.' To this worthy Lord March communicated his chaplain's lucky find. The third number of this delectable triumvirate was Sandwich, whose reasons for owing Wilkes a grudge have been already mentioned. One is grieved to learn that they were 'inexpressibly shocked' at the work, and determined to spare no efforts to bring the offender to justice. Sandwich even informed the traitorous printer that 'he had saved the country,' and the next day appalled and disgusted the Peers by reading out the whole production to the end with the greatest deliberation, paying no attention to those who begged him to spare them the rest, for he was in his element. The infamy of his conduct is the more apparent when we remember that at this very time Sandwich frequently spent his evenings with Wilkes, and, according to Walpole, 'very lately at a club held in the

playhouse in Drury Lane, Lord Sandwich talked so profanely that he drove two harlequins out of the company.'

George III., however, did not take this view of his Minister's conduct. 'In after years he declared that of his Lords of the Admiralty, among whom were included Howe and St. Vincent, he valued Lord Sandwich the most. In any case he knew how to please his Royal master. The House of Lords voted the introduction of Warburton's name into the 'Essay' a breach of privilege, and directed that Wilkes should be prosecuted. No attention was paid to the fact that there was no proof that he was the author (in all probability that distinction must fall to Potter, above-mentioned), that there was no publication, and that the means by which the piece had been obtained were little short of felonious. People remembered a sentence in the then popular 'Beggars Opera,' 'that Jemmy Twitcher should peach, I own, surprises me,' and 'Jemmy Twitcher' was the nickname for Sandwich in all the Opposition journals.

Wilkes now saw that his ruin had been determined upon, and fled to the Continent. The Opposition were not sorry to be rid of their embarrassing supporter, and made up a handsome subscription for him, which amounted to 1,000*l.* a year. Wilkes stayed some time in Paris with his daughter, to whom he was deeply attached. She appears to have been a sensible and refined lady, who afterwards counted among her friends many of the leaders of society in London and Paris. His letters to her are full of wit and charm, and are alone enough to prove that he was not the monster depicted by some. While in Paris he became immensely popular in the best circles, through his agreeable manner, ready wit, and high spirits. This charm of address never failed him, even when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb. At one time he was under apprehension that the French Government would expel him from France on the demand of the English, for by this time he had been tried for the libel and outlawed. He thought it prudent to travel for a time in Italy, and found himself received everywhere with a warm welcome, both by natives and foreign residents. He spent money freely, as only those can afford to do who live on others, for he was drawing on Lord Temple and other friends the whole time. On his way back he visited the Grande Chartreuse, and Voltaire at Ferney; he made himself a welcome guest in each instance, though more incongruous hosts it would not be easy to select.

A change of Ministry now came to flatter his hopes of a return to England. Grenville's interminable harangues in the Royal closet had bored his master into giving him his *congé*, and Rockingham had taken his place. Wilkes, not unnaturally, expected a free pardon, and something more, when his friends got into power, but he soon learned that an inconvenient friend will only receive his reward when he becomes troublesome. To do that he must brave the terrors of the law and return to England. Amongst other modest proposals for his advancement, he had suggested that he should be made Ambassador at Constantinople, and receive a pension of 1,000*l.* a year. That post was hardly as important then as now, but it is not surprising that the King and Ministry failed to receive the suggestion with enthusiasm. On the accession of the Duke of Grafton to the leadership, Wilkes thought that he might return with safety, for his Grace had been one of his boon companions, though the experience he had enjoyed in the case of Sandwich might have made him more cautious. The character of Grafton has been drawn for all time by Junius. 'Sullen and severe without religion, profligate without gaiety, you live like Charles II. without being an amiable companion, and for aught I know, may die as his father did without the reputation of a martyr.' For a long time no effort was made to bring Wilkes before the Courts, for, it must be remembered, he was still an outlaw; nor was any attempt made to conciliate him. The conduct of Grafton exhibited neither generosity nor firmness. Wilkes therefore boldly offered himself as a candidate for the City, and, on his rejection, for the county of Middlesex. The scenes of that election beggar description, and are too well known to need it. One incident is too amusing to escape repetition. The Austrian Ambassador, the Graf von Seilern, most solemn and haughty of the representatives of a solemn Court, was dragged from his carriage by the mob, and '45' chalked on the soles of his boots. His constantly reiterated demands for reparation, which it was impossible to satisfy, only made him the more ridiculous. 'Wilkes and Liberty' was the one topic of the day in letters and conversation. His head was even adopted as a sign for public-houses, and he himself told the story of the old lady who said, 'There he swings, everywhere but where he ought to be.' He easily headed the poll, and received a complimentary letter from Diderot, who wrote, 'The august Senate of Great Britain will still count a Wilkes among its most illustrious members.' That

was not, however, the view of that illustrious body, and the lawyers, by the mysterious obligations of a *capias utlagatum*, enforced his presence before Lord Mansfield, who sentenced him to a heavy fine and twenty-two months' imprisonment on the old charge of publishing a libel, but reversed his outlawry on a technical point. His imprisonment was a long triumph. Hampers of game and wine arrived at all hours from all quarters; money poured in from sympathising patriots. Among other effusions of the time, a poem by Lady Temple deserves notice. If her lord was indeed 'Junius,' he can hardly have revised it. It ran thus:—

THE JEWEL IN THE TOWER.

If what the Tower of London holds
Is valued more than all its power;
Then, counting what it *now* enfolds,
How wondrous rich is London Tower.

I think not of the armoury,
Nor of the guns and lions' roar;
Nor yet the valued library,
But of the Jewel in the Tower.

.
&c., &c.

The day shall come to make amends,
Of Liberty the exulting power,
When o'er his foes, and 'midst his friends
Shall shine the Jewel of the Tower.

Her ladyship's predictions were better than her verses, for from this time onward Wilkes won victory after victory, and the King and the Ministry floundered deeper and deeper in their efforts to suppress him. The King had urged his expulsion from the House immediately after his election, but ten months elapsed before he was actually expelled. The ostensible ground was a comment made by Wilkes on an official letter of Lord Weymouth, advising the use of soldiers by the magistrates to quell one of the riots arising out of his arrest. The soldiers had killed one man and wounded several, and the special thanks of the King had been given to them afterwards. On this Wilkes wrote that this letter (of Lord Weymouth's) showed 'how long a hellish project can be brooded over by some infernal spirits without one moment's remorse.' The offence, if any, was against a Peer and not the Commons. Nevertheless, on February 3rd, 1769, he was expelled for a 'scandalous and malicious libel.' Now began that long struggle between the House and the constituencies, in which the former was completely worsted. Wilkes was returned four times,

thrice against a Government candidate, who was at last seated by resolution of the House. This gentleman was a Colonel Luttrell, whose sister, Mrs. Horton, captivated and married the Duke of Cumberland. From these two, it is said, the Prince Regent received the education in the ways of the world, of which he made such good use. Thus does time work its revenges! The scandalous contempt shown by the House for the rights of the electors soon enlisted on behalf of Wilkes every advocate for freedom in the country. No man, whatever his demerits, can help becoming a hero when his enemies persist in thrusting the rôle upon him. Chatham thundered on his behalf, Burke and Rockingham came to visit him in prison, and money poured in upon him; a society was formed to pay his debts, and when he emerged from prison in April 1770, his obligations had all been discharged, to the amount of 20,000*l.* His connection with the City dates from this period, which gave him an invaluable handle for use against the King and Ministry, and proved of the greatest service to him throughout the remainder of his life. He became an Alderman, and shortly afterwards Sheriff. While serving the latter office he did not disdain to pander to popular prejudice to such an extent as not to permit any French wines to appear at his table.

It was his singular good fortune to be able to strike another blow for freedom while sitting as a magistrate in the City. He released the printers charged with publishing the debates in the House of Commons, and committed the messenger of the House to gaol. After a futile struggle the House had to give way, and the reporting of debates has been ever since an uncontested privilege of the Press. His greatest triumph was to come. After a desperate struggle with the nominees of the Court, he was elected Lord Mayor, and in 1784, for the fifth time, M.P. for Middlesex. No opposition was offered now to his taking his seat. Thus after ten years' struggle against all the influence of the Court and Ministry he had obtained a seat in Parliament, the Chief Magistracy of London, and had established for ever three of the most cherished rights of the subject—freedom from arbitrary arrest, freedom of the Press, and the right of the electors to choose their representatives without dictation from any authority. The day was yet to come when he was to oblige the House to direct that all the records of the resolutions passed against him should be expunged by their Clerk before his eyes; then his victory was complete, for the House had already censured 'General Warrants.' When, in after years, he held the office of Chamberlain

of the City, and in that capacity welcomed Nelson and other illustrious freemen, he had become a champion of law and order, and even received the thanks of the Privy Council for his exertions during the Gordon Riots.

It is not necessary to assume that he was a vile impostor because, after he had won all he fought for, he did not continue an incendiary; nor to hold with Lord John Russell that he was 'without opinions or principles, religious or political, and his impudence far exceeded his talents'; nor with Macaulay, that 'his speaking, though pert, was feeble, and by no means interested his hearers so much as to make them forget his face, which was so hideous that the caricaturists were forced, in their own despite, to flatter him.' He made, on the contrary, some very sensible speeches on the American War and the Repeal of the Test Acts, and, let it be remembered to his honour, that he advocated a public library for London, an additional grant to the British Museum, and the purchase of Lord Orford's pictures for the nation, which, for lack of 40,000*l.*, went to Russia, and form the chief glories of the Hermitage. As to his 'demoniac grin and inhuman squint,' on which Brougham gloats, there is no doubt that he was ugly and squinted, but it is hard on public men to judge them by caricatures. Posterity will form a far from accurate conception of Sir William Harcourt if they rely on Mr. Furniss. Whatever his ugliness, it was redeemed by his exquisite urbanity. There are few men who could have turned the laugh on their own side so well as he when writing on Hogarth's famous caricature, by which most people still judge him. He says, 'Such a pencil should speak to all ages, and not be dipped in the dirt of a day. It must be allowed to be an excellent compound caricature, or rather, a caricature of what nature has already caricatured. I know but one apology to be made for this gentleman, or, to speak more properly, for the person of Mr. Wilkes; it is, that he did not make himself, and that he was never solicitous about the cure of his soul, only so far as to keep clean and in health. . . . I can scarcely imagine he will be one moment peevish about the outside of so precarious and temporary a habitation, or will ever be brought to own *ingenium Galbæ male habitat—Monsieur est mal logé*. This is the urbanity which made George III. say that he was 'the best bred Lord Mayor he had ever known,' and Lord Mansfield that 'Mr. Wilkes was the pleasantest companion, the politest gentleman, and the best scholar he knew,' and Horace Walpole,

that 'he used his triumph with moderation, in modern language, with good breeding.' Even Dr. Johnson was won over by his delightful manners, until they were found by Boswell 'reclined upon their chairs, with their heads leaning almost close to each other, and talking earnestly, in a kind of confidential whisper, of the personal quarrel between George II. and the King of Prussia. It presented to my mind the happy days which are foretold in Scripture when the lion shall lie down with the kid.' When Boswell mentioned this brilliant simile to the Bishop of Killaloe, his Lordship said 'with the goat,' but 'such was the engaging politeness and pleasantry of Mr. Wilkes, and such the social good humour of the Bishop, that, when they dined together at Mr. Dilly's, where I also was, they were mutually agreeable.' According to Boswell, 'when Wilkes and I sat together, each glass of wine produced a flash of wit, like gunpowder thrown into the fire—puff! puff!' But Wilkes hardly confirmed this, for he thought the famous 'Life' the work 'of an entertaining madman,' in which 'much was put down to Boswell which was undoubtedly said by Johnson—what the latter did, and the former could not say.' We can well imagine that an encounter with Boswell would have many charms for Wilkes. No man ever lived who could adapt his wit better to his company. Compare his chaff of the Alderman, formerly a bricklayer, who was trying to carve a turbot with a knife—'Use a trowel, brother, use a trowel'—with his reply to Madame de Pompadour when she asked him, 'How far it was safe to go in England against the Royal family?' 'That is what I am trying to find out, Madame.' There are few more really witty replies recorded than that made to the Prince Regent, who asked him at dinner when he drank to the King's health, 'How long have you been so loyal, Wilkes?' 'Ever since I knew your Royal Highness.' His famous retort to Lord Sandwich was too much to the taste of the last century to bear quotation in this.

He had no delusions about the capacity or character of his supporters, nor did he spare his friends in the City. Being waited upon on one occasion by a deputation, one of them exclaimed, 'Well, Mr. Wilkes, we must take the sense of the Ward.' 'With all my heart,' he replied, 'and I will take the nonsense, and beat you ten to one.' Just before presenting a petition to the Speaker, he informed that functionary that it was 'from a pack of the greatest scoundrels upon earth.' Later on he began his speech, 'Sir,—I hold in my hand a petition from a most intelligent, independent, and enlightened body of men.' But such a discrepancy of state-

ment in public and private has not been unknown in the case of other politicians besides Wilkes. He had no very exalted idea of the kind of treatment required to impress the members of the House itself. He told Boswell, when he was about to appear as counsel before a Committee of the Commons: 'Be as impudent as you can, as merry as you can, and say whatever comes uppermost. Jack Lee is the best heard of any counsel, and he is the most impudent dog, and always abusing us.' He was frank about a trick of self-advertisement, which most politicians, often ineffectually, strive to conceal. He once asked permission to deliver a speech as the House was about to adjourn. For 'I have sent a copy to the "Public Advertiser," and how ridiculous should I appear if it were published without being delivered!' In gentle humour he excelled. He once asked the Mayor of Aylesbury to be his guest in town, where he had never been. The worthy native declined, saying that he had heard London was full of nothing but scoundrels. 'I believe,' said Wilkes, 'there is some truth in what you say, Mr. Mayor, for I have reason to apprehend that there are a few suspected characters about.' On kings he was, with some ground, rather hard. He once declined to play whist because 'he never could distinguish a king from a knave,' and 'he loved the king so much that he hoped never to see another.'

In his correspondence with 'Junius' (Sept. 12th, 1771) he thus speaks of the King: 'Lord Chatham said to me ten years ago (George) is the falsest hypocrite in Europe! I must hate the man as much as even Junius can, for through this whole reign almost it has been versus Wilkes. This conduct will probably make it Wilkes versus ——.' The whole of this correspondence is most entertaining, and on one occasion he ventured to ask the great Unknown, 'Does Junius wish for any dinner or ball tickets for the Lord Mayor's day for himself and friends, or a favourite, or Junia? How happy I should be to see my Portia here dance a graceful minuet with Junius Brutus! But Junius is inexorable, and I submit.' To which Junius replied: 'My age and figure would do little credit to my partner. I acknowledge the relations between Cato and Portia, but in truth I see no connection between Junius and a minuet.' The appearance of the black knight at the revel in Uhland's ballad strikes us as the only adequate parallel to the vision of Junius at a City ball.

In his old age Wilkes bought a little country house in the Isle of Wight, where he kept a well-stocked fish-pond, 'because everything was to be had at the sea-side but fish,' and amused

himself with writing to his daughter and reading the Classics. He still indulged in a private printing press, though with more decorous results than of old. He sent Lord Mansfield a copy of 'Theophrastus' thus issued, and received the following reply, the delightful irony of which he no doubt fully appreciated: 'Lord Mansfield returns many thanks to Mr. Wilkes for his "Theophrastus," and congratulates him upon his elegant amusement. "Theophrastus" drew so admirably from nature that his characters live through all times and in every country.'

He had the courage which does not always accompany a sarcastic tongue, for he fought two duels, and was nearly killed in one of them, and when challenged on a third occasion he behaved himself, on the authority of Croker, who was certainly no admirer of his, 'like a man of temper and honour.' His most serious encounter was with Mr. Martin, and Wilkes was only saved by two buttons diverting the bullet. One of his admirers procured these precious relics and put them in a case with the following inscription: 'These two simple, yet invaluable, buttons, under Providence, preserved the life of my beloved and honest friend, John Wilkes, in a duel fought with Mr. Martin on the 16th November, 1763, when true courage and humanity distinguished him in a manner scarcely known in former ages. His invincible bravery, as well in the field as in the glorious assertion of the liberty of the subject, will deliver him down, an unparalleled example of public virtue, to all future generations.' Wilkes would probably have said to this, as the Duke of Wellington to the obsequious gentleman who escorted him across Piccadilly, 'Don't be a d——d fool, sir!' But the extravagant denunciation of Brougham and Russell is just as absurd. No man, though helped by his enemies, could have achieved what he did without courage, resolution, and profound sagacity, and he must have possessed much charm of character as well as manner, to have won such pious souls as Hannah More,¹ Charles Butler, and the monks of the Chartreuse, and have converted into friends the hostile Mansfield and the still more prejudiced Johnson. He was free from one great vice of his age, for he was no gamester. Altogether he may be said to have been sufficiently punished for the excesses of which he was guilty, for they have obscured in the popular mind the great services he undoubtedly rendered to his countrymen.

W. B. DUFFIELD.

¹ Hannah More's Memoirs, Vol. 2, p. 109.

AURORA LEIGH.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM LEIGH HUNT.

[By the courtesy of Colonel S. Leigh Hunt, we are enabled to print, from a draft or copy discovered amongst his grandfather's papers, the hitherto unpublished letter written by Leigh Hunt to Robert Browning on the appearance of 'Aurora Leigh,' and alluded to by Mrs. Browning in a letter to Mrs. Jameson, dated February 2, 1857, as 'a very pleasant letter from Leigh Hunt of twenty pages' ('Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning,' vol. ii. p. 253). The occasional obscurities of expression in Leigh Hunt's letter are probably to be referred to the inaccuracy of the copyist.—ED. CORNHILL.]

Hammersmith: December 31st [1856].

DEAR ROBERT BROWNING,—(For 'Browning' seems too familiar to be warranted by my amount of intercourse, and 'Mr.' sounds too formal for it (albeit its very formality has justly procured it acceptance with Mrs. Browning) therefore I hope that by addressing me as 'Leigh Hunt' in return, you will authorize the *tertium quid* to which I have recourse in my perplexity)—

I received the new edition of the Poems, and the new Poem itself,¹ and read the latter through instantly, almost at one sitting; but I had work waiting for me at the time, was obliged to return to the work, had letters come upon me besides, and so could not write to give thanks, and say what I wished about the Book, as quickly as I desired. And what am I to say now? I dare not begin to think of uttering a fifth part of what I would say: for you must know, that I can never write upon any subject, beyond the briefest and least absorbing, without speedily getting into a kind of fluster of interest and emotion, with heated cheeks and a tightening sense of the head; and in proportion to this interest, this effect increases, so that I am forced in general to write by driblets; and the worst of it is, I write even then a great deal too much—just as I fear I talk—and have to cut it all down to a size so inferior to the on break, that you would at once laugh and pity

¹ *Aurora Leigh*, published November 11, 1856.

me if you saw the quantity of manuscript, out of which my book, or even my article, has to be extricated. It was always so with me, more or less; and now it is worse than ever. Age increases the written gabble. See it is upon me now! so I stop short.

New Year's Day, 1857.

God bless you, dear people; you and your son, I mean and such others as may be mixed up with your well-being; and may He keep to you the 'Happy New Year,' which more or less must surely have come to you all, whatever shadow may be in it for the loss of the admirable friend¹ who has secured it to you. . . . These are the first words I have written this year and they must needs be a little solemn.

But here am I nearly at the close of my second page, and have not yet said my little brain- [word illegible] say on 'Aurora Leigh.' I say then, that it is a unique, wonderful and immortal poem; astonishing for its combination of masculine power with feminine tenderness; for its novelty, its facility, its incessant abundance of thought, and expression; its being an exponent of its age, and a prophetic teacher of it, its easy yet lofty triumph over every species of common place; and its noble and sweet avowal, after all, of a participation of error; its lovely willingness to be no loftier, or less earthly, than something on an equality with love. I cannot express myself th[o]roughly as I would; I must leave that to the poet, worthy of the poetess, who sits at her side; my own poetry, of the inner sort, being of very rare occurrence (if it ever occur at all) and the rest of it never being moved to vindicate its pretensions to the title, except at foolish intervals by foolish critics, who have no poetry in them of any kind, and who undertake to judge of things out of the pale of their perceptions. Therefore you see, I beg to say, that there is modesty at the bottom of all this apparent claim to the right of being loud and eulogistic on great works, and that I offer it for no more than its worth,—with homage to you both.

Nevertheless, I must not forget to add, that the poem is a wonderful biographic *conversational* poem. Wordsworth has written a biographical poem, which I am ashamed to say I have not yet read; but between you and me, Robert Browning, growing bold again on the strength of my convictions, I dare affirm, that Wordsworth, veritable poet as he is, is barren and prosaic by the side of the

¹ Mr. Kenyon, who died on December 3, 1856.

ever exuberant poetry of this book ; and as to dialogue, out of the pale of the drama and that only of the finest kinds, I know of none like it, for the wit and satire of dialogues in Pope and Churchill are things of another and lower form, besides being nothing nigh so long ; so that this poem is unique as a conversational poem, as well as being the production of the greatest poetess the world ever saw, with none but great poets to compare with her. How did she contrive it, the little black eyed playful thing pretending to be no more than other women and wives, yet having such a great big creation of things, all to herself ?

Nor must I fail to thank her for so small a thing as a title,—a great thing too, like a master's note or two of prelude on an instrument ; 'Aurora Leigh,' it sounds to me like the blowing of the air of a great golden dawn upon a lily ; strength sweetness (fill up that gap for me please ; for my cheeks are burning) Thursday evening, for the poor little word 'Leigh' is a gentle word too, and a soft ;—just the half of the word 'lily' (lee—lee) and I thank her in the names of all who are called by it, for the honour it has received at her hands. The late Lord Leigh, a great lover of poetry after whose father I was christened, would have been charmed by it ; and so, I believe will his son ; though where she got the notion of its being particularly stately and aristocratic, I do not know ; albeit 'Stoneleigh Abbey' has a fine sound and Stoneley (Staneleigh) the same word provincialized is an ancient great name, half made of it ;—*Ley*, *Lee*, *Lea*, *Legh*, and *Leigh* being all forms, you know, of the same word, meaning, some say, a meadow ; others, a common ; others, an uncultivated plain ; and some, I believe, a green by the water's side. As to me, having grown up in the name, and been used to be pitied as 'poor Leigh' for my juvenile and indeed grown up troubles too, besides being called by it on so many other occasions, both private and public, I could not help being almost personally startled now and then by the piteousness of the above designation, by the remonstrative 'Mister Leigh,' a 'man like Leigh,' 'Smith who talks Leigh's subjects' &c. Having no other pretensions however, wrong or right, to be a Leigh in the poem, never having thought that my fellow-creatures were to be rescued by half means, without the 'inner life,' much less having— But to say no more about myself, thanks and thanks again for the whole book, and for the new poems in the other books, just [word illegible] of the [illegible] in the Portuguese sonnets, the appatiation of which

(what is the proper word?) I always grudged them, though it was a very natural refuge from the misapprehensions of the ignoble. With other contents of those three precious volumes I shall make myself re-acquainted, and more intimate. Some of them remind me,—as a word did also, which you let fall here one day, that I once, I believe, said something in allusion to them about ‘morbidity.’ I withdraw the term utterly not because in apparently similar treatment of certain points of faith I should not believe it applicable to most persons, but because in our great English poetess I can recognize no excess of sensibility incompatible with a mind and understanding so healthily strong or rather, I cannot but recognize the health and strength notwithstanding them, and discern the unblighted and all-reconciling conclusions of perspective [*sic*] and heavenly right,—reason and justice, in which they finally repose. Perhaps you know, and I sometimes think you do, from your great expressions of [? good] will towards me in the inscription in your books, (for we may love and reverence a man for his good intentions, however we may differ in kind or with his opinion) that you have seen a book of mine called ‘The Religion of the Heart.’

I forget exactly what I was going to say here; but it is no matter. Very likely you will be able to supply from your own thoughts, what was rising in mine.

I began the preceding pages and a few lines before it, on the present

Friday morning.—

You must not suppose I am in the habit of writing my letters in this manner, though I am apt to do so when they grow long, and I have other things to write in the course of the day.

My only objections to Mrs. Browning’s poetry at any time, very seldom in her latest, chiefly, if I remember, in ‘Casa Guidi Windows,’ are now and then a word too insignificant at the end of her blank verses (if indeed it does not add to the general look of strength by its carelessness and freedom) and a giving way to an excess of thought and imagery, amounting sometimes to an apparent irrelevancy, into which she is tempted by her facility of rhyming as well as thinking, and which, as in Keats’s early poem ‘Endymion,’ *forces* a sense of the rhymes upon you for their own sakes, by very reason of the disrespect felt for their services, the air of indifference with which they are treated and the arbitrary uses to which they are put. The same objection often applies to

rhymes in Dante, whatever some critics may say to the contrary and notwithstanding his own assertion (according to his sons) that a rhyme never put him out!! Very likely it did not; partly because he was a great poet, and had images at will, and partly because he *willed* to think it didn't, for his will was greater even than his great poetry; otherwise he never would have written that truly beautiful poem, or rather poems of his (for his Heaven is often as infernal as his Hell) in which he goes 'dealing damnation round the land' and cutting up his antagonists (often, very likely, better men than himself) and then calls his work *sacre*, and tells us it made him,—out [of] pure sense of its sacredness and grandeur, I suppose,—*macro*; chusing to forget the violence and bad passions he mixed up with it. I am aware that there are theories, and philosophies, and excuses and charities, and a fine deep sense at bottom of them all that reconciles these and all other such perplexities by the way, and for some great and final good; and I pretend to gainsay none of them; nay I go along with them all, but then the evil must be shared and shared alike, and Dante's portion of it not blinked for the sake even of his genius; no nor his tenderness; which I admit and marvel at, as I do at his fervidity; wondering that he can have so much of the one without its producing misgivings about the other.

But I am terribly digressing.—

Oh there are one or two other objections which 'I had forgotten. One is whatever may be said for the good which it might assist in furthering (for we 'must not do evil,' you know, even 'that good may come') and on the very same grounds that I should not like to see a woman fighting (though I allow that the illustration is an extreme one, and in the case of our poetess —, —and if it should not rather be termed irreverent, and not to be fancied) I do not like to find her advocating war. Wars, I allow must sometimes be fought till men arrive at man's estate, and nations must rise against them saying to the warriors, 'Come in here, and be healed,' then 'Go forth and kill.' The other objection, or rather doubt, refers to a circumstance to which these critics demurred, I believe, in the new poem (which mention of the critics reminds me by the way that I hoped I should myself have been the first person to notice the poem, and for that purpose among others proposed to a new periodical work which has lately been set up under good promise, to commence a series of articles in it under the title of 'Notes of a Reader,' but though the

Editors accepted another article from me, and expressed a wish that I should co-operate with them, they objected to those,—Pardon horrible blots and interlinings). The circumstance in question cannot have been objected to by any very high-minded or thoughtful reader, upon those ordinary grounds the very requirements of which are coarse (Saturday morning) such readers on the contrary might consider it, with the writer, the best that could be found, if not for the happier purposes of the story, yet for the very triumph and ascendancy of the highest points of refinement and conscious worth over profoundest insult, the one excess being necessary to the proof of the other. But unfortunately such readers are very rare, even in the 'highest circles'; and so far the book may suffer drawback; though the poetry and the human interest too, must in the long run carry all before it.

Some of my favourite passages (if you will not think I am making my opinion of too much importance) are the one at p. 2 beginning 'O my father's hand, &c.' (words which I never read without tears) down to 'Not overjoyous, truly'; 'She stood straight and calm' (p. 10) down to 'eat berries'; 'We get no good' (p. 26) down to 'good from a book': 'O delight' (p. 33) to 'How those gods look!' (I can conceive no poet that ever lived writing finer poetry than that) 'Being observed,' (p. 74) to 'They might say something'; (horrible intensity of insipid forbiddingness!) the paragraph beginning 'Day and night' at p. 98,—that at p. 101, beginning 'A lady called upon me': Lady Waldemar's love and the answer to it, pp. 105 and 6:—the dreadful passage at p. 122, 'Father, mother, home, etc.': the hospital p. 128. 'Dear Marian' (p. 139) to 'backward on repose':—'I should have thought' (p. 153) to 'diamonds . . . almost': 'Every age' (p. 187) to 'apprehended near':—'I answered slow' (215) to 'everybody's morals': the infant p. 250-51 (though here I recollect an objection which occurred to me, I don't know whether physiologically just though it seems as if it ought to be so, an antenatal objection, as to whether such a heavenly perfection of little earth could, or ought to be born of such a horror):—'O crooked world' p. 278, to 'most devilish when respectable'; 'Carrington—Is glad' &c. p. 303 down to 'first similitude': Oh, but I've another objection now I see it marked again; which is at p. 343, where the heroine says, that being 'more wise' means being 'sadder.' I am ashamed it is true, to remind Mrs. Browning, that wisdom is here confounded—is it not? with knowledge and that knowledge is not at all

wisdom ; for nobody must know it better than she ; and Coleridge, who knew it as such has yet said the same thing in his 'Ancient Mariner.' Wisdom you know, is the — of knowledge, the turning it into its best and therefore least sad account. But to conclude the favourites : p. 378 brings me to 'Her broad wild woodland eyes' to 'spoke out again' then the divine self—, all reconciling confession of love, beginning 'But I love you, sir' ; p. 390, and ending at 'word or kiss' p. 394—then 'The heart's sweet scripture,' (same page) to 'lift a constant aspect' ; then p. 398, 'I flung closer to his breast' &c. and lastly the evangel (though I construe it perhaps not so much after the critics' interpretations or not quite literally so much, as after my own) beginning 'The world's old' ; p. 402 and ending 'He shall make all new.'

A thousand thanks for them all and for almost every bit of all the rest perhaps I ought to say for every bit, if I understand it exactly as it was meant.

I do not know whether you have seen a book of mine called 'The Religion of the Heart.' I sometimes think you have and that it is my good intentions in it to which you allude, when you express reverence 'for anything in my nature.' I also sometimes *fear* you have, or may, lest you should differ with it *more* than I could wish. But as you and your fellow worker touch so often upon points common to such aspirations as the title of the book implies it was chiefly on these points that I intended to ask you both to talk to me on that important night when age and infirmity lost me the conversation which I most longed for since I lost Shelley.

Wednesday morning.

I have been called off from my letter for these three days by the necessity of attending to my poor wife, who has had another attack of illness worse than the last, the peril of it has now abated, and we begin again to cheer up although these repeated attacks at her time of life and after so many years confinement to her room, are very alarming.

Being able again to think of something else and returning to my letter, I find that my fright has delivered me from a wrong that was haunting me ; for you must know that I am apt to feel trouble, both warrantable and unwarrantable with a sort of monomania till the thought being broken into for however short a time, I know that all will be right again ; and the hope of this interruption which long experience has given me helps it to

come, and thus always enables me to look for it sooner or later be it from nothing but some new trouble which is pretty sure to be the case at least such it has been for a good many years past. I do not complain, I have had a great many enjoyments in the course of my life and a profusion of animal spirits, and I have often thought that had I not had an annual portion of trouble my lot as a fellow creature would have been unfair and far beyond my deserts. The [? fates] have taken care however to see fair play leaving me I hope upon the whole a case for compensation in some other sphere. Did it ever strike you how frightful it would be (Hibernicè) to be wholly preposterous [? prosperous] and happy. Happy all your life. I think or fancy it would have made me look upon myself as a sort of outcast from the general lot and its claims doomed to perish wholly and be put out as a thing completed and done with—never to know or enjoy anything further—never to see again faces that we have lost. The incompleteness argued against us all here is surely our claim hereafter—incompleteness of joy incompleteness of knowledge incompleteness of nature. I think God means to [copy illegible] and see how difficult it was. You know how a poet so rare as Tennyson fails in it in his verses on the Duke of Wellington. This omission I can still take an opportunity of supplying as far as itself goes and shall. But when I saw the name of John Kenyon &c. in the 'Times' obituary I said to myself: 'Ah, Kenyon is gone; and I can now never let him know how pleased I was and how much I felt in common with his books.'

Sunday morning.

I have been forced to leave off my letter again and for this long partly by the poor sick room and partly by the necessity of answering the letters of some friends [the next few words are incomprehensible in the copy] owing to some preposterous yet most worrying misconceptions of me a few years ago the supposed intender of which expressed to me his 'deep sorrow' for having inadvertently given rise to them 'I happen to be what I never drempt of the necessity of becoming, one of the most jealous of men for the reputation of my personal delicacy in money matters and there are points sometimes on which such a man cannot go on talking of himself even to those who would be incapable of misconceiving him. Suffice to add to what I have said of Mr. Kenyon that when I saw his name a second time in the newspaper, I said to myself, 'at all events a man who could enjoy and indulge his

tastes so much as he did in life, and who could bestow so much happiness when he died, may well have been able to dispense with a few words from me.'

Wednesday, (*another*) Wednesday.

Since writing the above I have read the article on 'Aurora Leigh,'—I feel a pleasure in writing those two words—in 'Blackwood's Magazine' (my old enemy during the Tory wars, and subsequently my regretful friend—a common lot of mine and one of the melancholy periods of my life). Like almost all Blackwood's articles there is a certain amount of triumph in it; but the writer's understanding is not of a measure to take the height of the poetess; and after an attentive perusal I can remember no objection in it worth notice except that to Marian's accomplished style of language; which a great nature however, and thought for my sorrows [*sic*], might have tended to produce though what these could not complete must be laid perhaps to a certain account common to the poetess's great family ancestor Shakespeare for she certainly is of his blood. His only departure, you know, from nature consists in his tendency to make his characters too indiscriminately talk so well as himself. As to the critics writing out her verse like prose, and then pretending it is not poetry (a process formidable, I own, to too much of what is called poetry; and I have trembled to see it applied to myself, even under no disparaging announcement) he might as well have written out a symphony of Beethoven's without the bars, and then pretended it was not music.

I must close, at last! my long letter, for I have told Mrs. Jago who offered to post it for me, that it would very certainly be ready to go off to day having twice told her nearly as much before and I have added, that as there is nothing in it which I could not have said in the presence of you and Mrs. Browning, she might read it, if she would like to do so; which she says she would. I would fain shew her what respect I can, and give her any little entertainment in my power; for she has been extremely kind to Mrs. Hunt visiting her often, and giving her personal and I may say even professional help under the like kind advice of Mr. Jago, who though he cannot go out, comes to us in spirit.

But I told her also, that I would leave her room enough to answer a letter which she has received from Mr. [*? Mrs.*] Browning and in which best remembrances, she tells me, are sent to me for

which hearty thanks. Don't fancy that I am going to tax your corresponding faculties with another such epistolary pamphlet as this! I have been led into it by degrees and by particular circumstances and I do not pretend to apologize for it; for besides taking some interest in it on its own account, I know how welcome letters of almost every kind from their native country are to people abroad. I shall write letters in future of reasonable dimensions, if you encourage me with a few words in answer to them or in notice of them and I do not in the least expect that you should take any greater notice of this, or with that you should say anything of one superfluous point in it, and people like you will believe me when I add that to take me at my word is the greatest compliment you can pay to your affectionate friend

LEIGH HUNT.

P.S. More last words. I find that I must deprive Mrs. Jago of another bit of her space but the page is of a good size and I hope she can write as small as myself and so retain space enough. It is to say a word respecting a lock of Milton's hair. Mrs. Jago asked me the other day very naturally about its authenticity and this has made me consider that you and Mrs. Browning might as naturally and indeed still more so as you were so good as to accept my rude bit of pull from it be glad to be told what I told her, the evidence simply amounts to this though I accepted it as I think you will do with a trusting as well as a willing faith, the lock was given to me together with those of Dr. Johnson and Swift, by the late Dr. Batty the physician a man of excellent character, to whom I was to bequeath them back if he survived me which he has not done. To Dr. Batty the three locks were given by Hoole the translator of Tasso &c. and Hoole though a bad translator was a very honest man. And to Hoole they were given by Dr. Johnson himself whose scrupulous veracity as to matters of fact is well known. I forget at this distance of time what Batty further said to me on the subject for it was a long while ago and I was in a confusion of pleasure at the moment but my impression is, that the locks of Milton and Swift were given to Johnson while he was writing the 'Lives of the Poets,' and that Milton's was one or part of one which had been at the back of a miniature of the poet belonging to Addison. Addison you know personally knew and took an interest in the welfare of Milton's youngest daughter

Deborah. I do not find any mention of him preserving portraits of Milton and it does not seem likely that the miniature or the lock would become divorced. Yes I think you will agree with me that there is strong presumptive evidence in these three of the belief on the part of true and honourable men, one of whom asks me to bequeath the lock back to him in case I died first nor do I myself feel the least doubt of the lock short of positive certainty. I have driven Mrs. Jago up into a corner. Indeed I am afraid she must take refuge in a separate sheet.

[The answers of the Brownings to this letter will be found in Leigh Hunt's Correspondence (Smith, Elder & Co., 1862), vol. ii. pp. 264-268. Browning, writing from Bagni di Lucca, October 6, 1857, apologises for his 'nine months' silence.' 'Understand,' he says, 'that you gave us more delight at once than we could bear; that was the beginning of the waiting to recover spirit and try and do one's feeling a little less injustice. But soon followed unexpected sorrows to us and to you and the expression of even gratitude grew hard again.' After referring to the dangerous illness first of a friend (Lytton) and then of his little boy, as having contributed to his delay, Browning continues, 'But I will try and get one, at least, of the joys I came to find here, and really write to you from this place, as I meant to do. "I"—you know it is my wife that I write for, though you entangle and distract either of us by the reverberations (so to speak) of pleasures over and above the pleasure you give us. I intend to say, that you praise that poem, and mix it up with praise of her very self, and then give it to me directly, and then give it to *her* with the pride you have just given me, and then it somehow comes back to me increased so far till the effect is just as you probably intended. I wish my wife may know you more: I wish you may see and know her more, but you cannot live by her eleven years, as I have done—or, yes, what cannot you do, being the man, the poet you are? This last word, I dare think, I have a right to say; I *have* always venerated you as a poet; I believe your poetry to be sure of its eventual reward; other people, not unlikely may feel like me, that there has been no need of getting into feverish haste to cry out on what is; yet you, who wrote it, can leave it and look at other poetry, and speak so of it: how well of you! . . .' Mrs. Browning writing on the same day says, 'Poor *Aurora* that you were so more than kind to

(oh, how can I think of it?), has been steeped in tears, and some of them of a very bitter sort. Your letter was addressed to my husband, you knowing by your delicate true instinct where your praise would give most pleasure; but I believe Robert had not the heart to write when I felt that I should not have the spirits to add a word in the proper key.' The lock of Milton's hair referred to in the postscript to Leigh Hunt's letter was carefully preserved by Browning, who had it enclosed, together with some of his wife's hair, in an old silver case.]

THE PENINSULA AND WATERLOO:

MEMORIES OF AN OLD RIFLEMAN.

THE appearance of late years of a crop of histories and memorials of the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny reminds some of us that the events which passed before us and filled our minds in our youth are drifting into the domain of history, and that a generation has arisen which looks upon the events of that period much as we used to look on the Peninsular War and Waterloo. Indeed, the period which separates us now from the war in the Crimea is almost exactly the same as had elapsed then since the end of the war with Napoleon.

So the wars of each succeeding generation fade away into the distance, and the young soldier of the latest date may transmit traditions of the veteran of his youth to those who in due time come to look upon him as a veteran in his turn. Field-Marshal Sir Alured Clarke was a veteran even at the beginning of the Peninsular War, but he lived till 1832, when he was more than ninety years old; and an elderly friend of mine heard him commence an address to some troops with the words, 'When I rode by the side of Prince Ferdinand in armour at the battle of Minden.' As this battle was fought in 1759, the incident takes us back over a long stretch of time.

It has occurred to me that some memories of the Peninsular War, noted from the lips of officers who took part in it, may have sufficient body and flavour to make them acceptable to the present generation. A remarkable revival of curiosity in the events of the time of Napoleon has lately arisen, and there is a romance and interest in the wars of those times which attach to none of the more recent contests.

The source of many of these stories was Lieutenant-Colonel Molloy, who served in the 95th, now the Rifle Brigade, in the expedition to Spain under Sir A. Wellesley in 1808, fought under him at Roliça and Vimieira, where he was wounded, and with a short interval, when he was at Marlow, served through all the campaigns until Waterloo, when he was wounded again.

As the future Duke of Wellington was constantly with the advanced posts, Lieutenant-Colonel Molloy later on saw a good deal

of him and frequently dined with him. On one of these occasions Lord Wellington was telling his next neighbour the story of the battle of Vimieira. The rest of the table stopped talking to hear him; the cessation of the buzz attracted his attention, and he broke off saying, 'Ah, well, there are plenty of fellows who can tell the story as well as I can.' He was averse to talking of his prowess, but in those days he always kept the anniversary of Vimieira (August 21, 1808), the first pitched battle in which he commanded against the French, celebrating it by a dinner.

It does not seem that the Spaniards had any particular prejudice in our favour, or any remarkable confidence in our soldiers—in the early days, at all events. When the army under Sir John Moore was retreating to Corunna, some Spanish women were heard to say, 'Well, they are fine men, but they are great cowards.'

Moreover, there were officers in the army who had not the same blind confidence in their great commander which they afterwards had. William Napier was very critical. In the advance from Ciudad Rodrigo, in 1813, he once vented his feelings thus: 'Well, here we go again. We shall get so far, and then have our — kicked and come back here again.' We certainly had advanced into Spain and retreated three times, but on this occasion Lord Wellington felt so much certainty in his coming success, that in crossing the frontier he cried out, 'Adieu, Portugal,' having made arrangements to shift his base of operations to Santander, in the north-east of Spain.

The feeling that gradually grew up among the rank and file is illustrated by the following story, told by the Duke himself to Sir John Macdonald, the Adjutant-General of later years. 'The greatest compliment I have had paid in my life,' he said, 'was once when our fellows got into a scrape in the north of Spain and had been beaten back in some disorder. I rode up and rallied them and led them back, and they recovered the lost ground. Just as I rode up, one of the men stepped out of the ranks and called out, "Here comes the — as knows how."'

Our army had sometimes to contend not only with the passive opposition and indolence of the Spanish, but also with the deliberate assistance they gave to the French, against whom we were assisting them.

When the English army had to retire after Talavera owing to the failure of the Spaniards to co-operate and to hold the passes on our flank, it was transferred to the north-eastern frontier of

Portugal, and four companies of the 1st Battalion of Rifles were posted along the Agueda. They held the village of Barba del Puero, opposite to which, on the other side of the river, was San Felice, held by the French, and the two villages were connected by a bridge, which was the only one below Ciudad Rodrigo. Our officers used to go down to the village and dance with the girls, and an old woman used to sing a song about the celebrated guerilla—

Don Julian Sanchez
Con sus lanceros
Yban a Rodrigo
Tomar los Franceses.

The Padre did not like all this, and went and informed the French. Their commanding officer determined on a surprise. He posted 600 men in the shadow of the rocks, and one night when the dancing had gone on till twelve o'clock, the French crept across the bridge and fell on our posts higher up the hill. They were finally driven back, however, by the Rifles under Sidney Beckwith.

This was the first meeting of English and French after Talavera, and was the opening of Masséna's campaign of 1810. Don Julian Sanchez was in Ciudad Rodrigo when it was surrounded by the French, but cut his way out, and in doing so even attacked a French cavalry force and carried off some prisoners. Those of his troopers who had wives carried them with them, and they did their share of the fighting.

Lieutenant Molloy after this went home and joined the Military College at Marlow, where he had as a fellow-student the future Sir George Brown, who was also in the 95th. His father was at the Horse Guards, and one day Brown said to him, 'Jack, I'm going to exchange into the ——.' This was a surprise. 'Why leave the old corps?' he said. 'However, I suppose your father knows best.' The exchange took place, and the explanation soon followed, for shortly after almost all the officers were exchanged to other regiments, and Brown found himself near the top of the list.

Sir George Brown was a rough-mannered but kindly officer. When he was Adjutant-General in 1851, Colonel Molloy was sitting in his office when an officer came in to ask for an extension of leave. 'Go back to your regiment at once, sir,' was the answer. 'I say, George, you might have been more civil; you've got a

devil of a name outside,' said Molloy. The answer was, 'My dear Jack, he only wants to stay among the gambling-houses.'

The future Sir Harry Smith was in the Rifle Brigade. The lady who was to become his wife was a native of Badajoz, and when we captured it by storm in 1812, to save herself from the excesses of the soldiery she fled out of the town with her sister, and they placed themselves under the protection of the British officers. 'Juanita' afterwards moved with the army. She used to ride a beautiful little Arab, and she would come out to the skirmishers when they were in action and look for her husband, saying, 'Donde esta mi Enrique?' Forty years later, when Sir Harry Smith was Governor and Commander-in-Chief at the Cape, he wrote to his old friend Lieutenant-Colonel Molloy: 'Juanita is very well, but very stout; but her ankles are as beautiful as ever.' Lady Smith lived till a few years ago, and I remember her describing how they all hurried off from Brussels on the road to Antwerp when the news came during the day of the battle of Waterloo that the English were driven back—intelligence brought by some troops (Belgian, I think) who took an early opportunity of retiring from the field where their Lion is now so prominent.

The French and English officers who came in contact with each other on outpost duty in Spain, got in the course of time on very friendly terms, and were willing to avoid useless bloodshed. One day when the armies were near Bayonne, Molloy's company was separated from the French by a stream crossed by a bridge. It was necessary to cross the bridge for some purpose or other. Molloy called out to the French officer on the other side of the stream, 'Je vais vous attaquer bientôt.' The French outpost had just cooked their dinner, and perhaps thought it was merely to take a rise out of them. At all events, the officer replied merely, 'Ah, bah!' But the Rifles did attack, and the French had to bolt, leaving their dinner behind them.

One day, when in charge of the outlying pickets in the South of France or North of Spain, a small stream separating the two armies, his sergeant came to Lieutenant Molloy while at mess and said that five French officers wanted to see him. He went to meet them on the other side of the brook. The senior of these said, 'Monsieur, j'aperçois que vous avez votre épée.' So Lieutenant Molloy unbuckled his sword and threw it across the stream. 'Now,' he said, 'you are five and I am one.' They asked for groceries and newspapers, which he got them. One of the papers

contained the bulletin which had just arrived setting forth the reverses at Leipsic which the Grand Army had suffered. 'Oh!' said the senior French officer, who afterwards turned out to be Count Reille, '*ne parlons pas de ça, parlons d'amour.*' So they talked of their sweethearts at Madrid and elsewhere. The pickets used to exchange little presents of delicacies of food, &c., and even letters to the ladies the French officers had left behind were duly conveyed to them.

After the battle of Toulouse the officers used sometimes to steal into the villages within the French lines. Molloy was discussing with some milliners as to some shirts they were to make him for a hundred francs each, when an orderly came up and said the Commandant wished to see him. He went, and found it was Reille, whom he had met at the outposts as just related. Reille blew him up, and sent him and his friend Johnson, who had been playing billiards in the same town, back to their lines.

This Johnson was, in point of fact, the first man to get into Ciudad Rodrigo, though he did not get the credit. He was a very active man, and some days before the assault he marked a place, apart from the breach, where he would get in. He did so, and some men followed. Gurwood led the forlorn hope of the Light Division, and his party, who came in by the breach, found Johnson and his party already inside. But Gurwood went straight to the Commandant's house and got his sword.

Lord Wellington's plans for the battle of Vittoria depended on a very wide turning movement to be made by Sir Thomas Graham. Of the troops under his immediate command, the Light Division got first down to the river which formed the front of the French position. They were near a bridge, and were waiting for the other divisions on their left to get to their positions on the river. While thus waiting, Lord Wellington rode up, and was talking to Colonel Barnard, who commanded the Rifles, and seeing some of the officers looking out with their glasses, he asked Lieutenant George Simmonds if he saw anything. 'Yes, my lord, I see a smoke or dust in that direction.' 'Ah, let me see,' said he, and after looking in the direction indicated, which was probably where he expected Sir Thomas Graham to emerge from the mountains in the north, he said to Sir Andrew Barnard, 'All right; get along, Barnard.' So they got under arms, and went down and crossed the bridge; and afterwards Picton came up

and crossed it too, and said his men were the first. 'But we were the first for all that,' said Colonel Molloy.

In the last rush of this battle a French officer of high rank, wearing a star, was passing him, and he caught him by the ribbon, which with the star came off. The star was that of an order founded by Joseph when King of the Two Sicilies, and is now in my possession.

In the *débâcle* the men were ordered to keep the ranks and not to move, but an officer named Stillwell, said to have been a natural son of the Duke of York, who went in the regiment by the name of Scamp, seeing a carriage abandoned, jumped in to see what it might contain, when an officer of rank rode up and asked what he was doing there. 'I'm looking for papers, sir,' said Scamp. 'Go back to your regiment at once, sir,' which order was, of course, obeyed; but Scamp went back again very soon, when the staff officer had gone away, and found some plunder.

Some Lifeguardsmen in a hollow road a few paces from where Lieutenant Molloy was, were appropriating the contents of the military chest which was captured. Gold was so plentiful that they did not trouble to carry away the silver, which no doubt the camp-followers appropriated. There were $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions of dollars, and none of it came into the public chest. One of the riflemen managed to get hold of a lot of doubloons, and he and his wife sewed them up in a large old Portuguese saddle, which they always carried about with them. Molloy dined with the banker at Dover, where they landed after the war, and he told him that one of his soldiers had that day deposited 3,000*l.* in the bank. It was this man, and as it was noticed that he could always command money to get drunk, it probably mostly went in that way.

Lord Wellington expected his officers to be able to rely on their own resources in difficulty, and not to be always dependent on him to extricate them. At the battle of Nivelle an officer on his staff noticed a regiment getting into difficulties, and called his attention to it, asking whether a regiment should not be sent to its assistance. The Commander-in-Chief's answer was, 'Let every man fry his own fish.'

At Tarbes, Molloy and Leach and some others were lying down behind some bushes, laughing and talking, when Molloy got up to see what was going on, and found a battalion of French

close on them. He roused the rest, and they resisted the French, who had got so near that some were killed at their feet. They then drove them back, and the Rifles advanced to the foot of the hill among some vineyards, where they halted. Lord Wellington rode up and said, 'Ah, there you are, as usual, just where you should be; not gone too far.'

The advanced pickets and sentries made great use of little dogs to help in warning them of the approach of any persons. When making an attack it was found very useful to send a few men to fire in the opposite direction to that in which the attack was to be made, as it was found impossible to prevent men turning towards where there was firing, and so their attention was taken away from the real point of danger.

Among the French, even the tirailleurs in the Peninsula and at Waterloo did not trouble themselves to take aim. They would simply put in the cartridge, tap the heel of the musket on the ground, prime, and fire from the hip; and the more ammunition they could fire away the better they were pleased.

In the early part of the war the German dragoons were the only cavalry the Rifles liked to have with them in outpost work, but afterwards the 14th Light Dragoons got into the way of it. The Germans were much more intelligent as orderlies. The English would always gallop full pelt into the lines, and make them suppose something was wrong, and they had to turn out; but the German, as soon as he got in sight, would halt and loose his girths or do something to show there was no urgency. The Rifles at last used to let fly at the English orderlies, as a lesson not to annoy them in that way.

Sir Harry Smith, who was at New Orleans, told Lieut.-Colonel Molloy that the Rifles had got into the place behind the cotton bales when a retreat or cease-firing sounded. Sir Edward Pakenham refused to let the old Peninsulars go at the place, saying he thought it better to blood the noses of the young dogs.

When fighting the Kaffirs in 1850, Sir H. Smith wrote to Molloy saying he had 'the finest light troops in the world in front of him—always excepting our own glorious division in the Peninsula.' He found some of our own officers miserably incompetent on that occasion, and said he had to praise an officer who had fought his way back through a defile the Kaffirs had occupied in his rear. 'That wouldn't have done in our day; he ought himself to have occupied the defile.'

Noticing the enthusiasm and the demonstrations made in connection with the embarkation for the Crimea, and the interest shown by the public during the contest, Colonel Molloy observed that when they returned to Dover at the end of the Peninsular war, after so many years of fighting and glorious victories, nobody took any particular notice of them.

Major Smith of the Rifles, who was aide-de-camp to Picton, told Molloy at two o'clock on the day before Quatre Bras—*i.e.* on June 15—that matters had not gone on very well in front, and that they would move on that night. This shows that the information of the French advance from Charleroi on that day was known at Brussels and measures taken to meet it before that hour.

When the battle of Waterloo was being opened by the attack on Hougoumont on the right, the Rifles were in the centre of the position and their officers were standing in front of their men watching its progress. Sir James Kempt rode up and said, 'Now, gentlemen, here you are, as usual, congregated together talking.' An officer named Stillwell, already mentioned, said, 'Oh, yes, Sir James; we were just observing that there appeared to be a slight difference of opinion down yonder,' pointing to the fighting at Hougoumont.

During the course of the battle the Duke threw himself into the square formed by the 2nd Battalion Rifles, calling out as he did so, 'Look out, Rifles, or, by God! you'll be cut to pieces!'

During the battle Lieutenant Molloy came across a couple of dragoons who had taken a French officer prisoner, and were going to 'stick' him. The officer cried to him for mercy, and the dragoons said the French had treated our people in the same way. However, he ordered them to march the officer to the rear. The officer took a bundle of letters from his pocket, and threw them away. They were love-letters from a girl in Paris to her Alphonse.

There was a story that when Lord Uxbridge's leg was broken by a shot he was carried to the rear, and passed the Duke of Wellington, to whom he said, in the language of the period, 'Lost my leg, by G——!' to which the Duke replied, 'Have you, by G——!' and that these were the only words which passed between the two heroes during the battle.

The French were very ready to be offensive to our officers in Paris after Waterloo. One day an Irish officer came into a restaurant, where there were officers of all nations, and ordered

a beefsteak and potatoes. The waiter conveyed the order, mimicking the officer in a ridiculous voice, 'Un biftek et pommes de terre pour un officier anglais.' The Irishman, a man of great strength, took the waiter outside, and held him over the balcony, and said he would drop him into the street. The waiter screamed. The French drew their swords—so did the Prussians; and there was a likelihood of a general scrimmage. But it got quieted down somehow.

The Duke had, no doubt, great difficulty in meeting all the demands made on him by officers who had served under him for his support in their applications. Colonel Fitzmaurice was put on half-pay on the reduction of the 3rd Battalion Rifle Brigade at the end of the war. On applying to the Duke to be restored to full pay, he told him to send him a memorial every month until he got a reply. Eventually he was put into the corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms on full pay, over the heads of many others.

It is probable that the habits of years on active service in command had made the Duke somewhat arbitrary. His family at all events seem to have thought so, as was shown in a recent number of this Magazine. His son and successor did not get on at all well with his father, who no doubt looked on him as too much of a trifier, a character which the Duke himself bore in early life, though he threw it off as soon as he got into a position of responsibility. The second Duke's feelings were thus expressed to Sir P. Macdougall: 'My father,' he said, 'was an atrocious tyrant, and as he grew older he grew worse.'

The following anecdote does not refer to the war, but is worthy of note as showing the almost fatherly care and attention the Duke bestowed on Her Majesty in her younger days. When Colonel Molloy, on his return to England in 1851, called at Apsley House, he saw the Duke, who was very civil, and asked where he had been, if he made a fortune, &c. After some conversation, the Duke's coachman came in and said he had 'been along the road, and I think it is quite safe for her to go.' Colonel Molloy learned, no doubt from Greville, the Duke's private secretary, that this referred to the road from Buckingham Palace to Paddington having been remade, and as the Queen was coming up from Windsor, the Duke, unknown to Her Majesty, had sent one of his carriages to drive along it, and so practically to make sure it was safe and comfortable.

EDMUND F. DU CANE.

LAUGHING ASPEN.

I HAVE been put in possession of the following letters by Miss Kathleen Trumble, of Willow Terrace, N.W., a young friend of mine to whom they were addressed, and I venture to submit them to the public as an interesting illustration of what education can do for one of the so-called 'savages.'

'Laughing Aspen,' or Jummy-haha, as she is picturesquely called in her native language, is daughter of Wampum Mittens, a chief of the Chuckachuck Indians of North America. Her father, a rather eccentric man, was seized a few years ago with a passion for civilisation, and resolved to give his daughter a European education. Laughing Aspen was therefore entrusted to the care of Madame Brissot, a French lady who has an excellent boarding-school at Brighton, and it was there that Miss Trumble became her friend. Unfortunately Wampum Mittens, owing to some dispute with a whisky-trader in Oklahoma, altered his views of civilisation about a year ago, suddenly recalled his daughter, who was making splendid progress with her French, and compelled her to resume the habits of Indian life. How she rescued herself from her position her own letters will show. One cannot, of course, entirely approve the means to which she had recourse; but some allowance must be made for the impulsiveness of the child of nature. The worst that can be said of her is that she has adopted the ideals of our civilisation without wholly assimilating the rules which guide us in the pursuit of them. Besides, she has been severely punished by fortune for whatever wrong she may have done.

I.

Chuckachuck Reservation, U.S. : May 1897.

DEAREST KATHLEEN,—It is only six months since you and I were at school together, and yet it seems ages. How often I think of Madame Brissot and the old schoolroom with its benches, and those interminable lessons that I could never attend to! And Helen Postlethwaite, who used to pull my hair because I was a 'Red Indian.' But, alas! *quelle différence!* You have

'come out,' and I suppose I have 'come out' too: but you are dancing in London, and I am waiting to become a 'squaw.' Yes, it's all settled; though nobody has come up to Pa's price yet, for Pa insists on five cows and ever so many skins. Since Pa got disgusted with civilisation he has got sterner than ever. He has made me give up all my delicious frocks; he apparently thinks I shall never 'go off' if I don't dress like other girls. Fancy wearing nothing but a horrid blanket, and, what is worse, the same blanket every day! Yesterday Pa gave a sort of *déjeuner à la fourchette* outside the wigwam to my suitors, three of them. I had to squat down on the ground, with that horrid blanket all over me, while the *prétendus* sat round. Pa has traded all my jewellery away, except that bangle young Sparks gave me. I am to have that put through my nose next full moon. How I wished I had it on! There I sat, oh, so bored! for I am not allowed to speak a word before my admirers, if you please! It isn't *convenant* among the Chuckachucks. When they lighted their great horrid 'calumets' (they smoked all over me, I assure you, without ever asking my permission), all the responsibility for the conversation fell on Pa, for Uncle Big Fish, who used to be so amusing, has taken to drink: we generally do at about fifty. Red Moose is my most formidable suitor; he is chief of the Polecats, very fat, beats his squaws, and lays down the law wherever he goes. He got very much annoyed with Maple Sugar. Did I ever tell you about Maple Sugar? He and I used to play together before I came over, but of course we are grown up now. Maple Sugar is slender and *most noble* in appearance, with a delightfully *triste* expression about the eyes. My other suitor is Grouse Cock; a little absurd thing, very silly and very dressy, very like that Mr. Tomkins we used to laugh at so when I stayed with you in St. John's Wood. He paints his face in the most extraordinary patterns, is tattooed all over the legs, and actually wore flamingo feathers in his hair when he went to see the President's wife drive by—he is so vain. Red Moose and Maple Sugar fell out about the best way to dress yams. Red Moose was all for boiling, Maple Sugar put his money on grilling. Red Moose said he was not going to be contradicted by a papoose who had not a scalp to show for himself. 'Yours truly,' as your amusing brother used to say, had her own ideas on the subject, but alas! *il fallait se taire*.

Then they got talking about politics. There is a vacancy in

the medicine-men; the appointment is in Pa's hands, and Red Moose is very hot on getting the place for a nephew of his. The young man came and pushed a roasted sucking-pig under Pa's door the other night. You have no idea of the jobbery that goes on, my dear, about these appointments. As for English politics, these people know nothing at all. Just fancy! I tried to explain the Irish question to Pa the other day, and he said he thought it might be settled by the Irish Nationalists being kept in 'reservations,' like we are!

Pa has been closeted half the morning with Red Moose, to see if they can come to terms. Personally, I don't care a bit whose squaw I am. Of course Red Moose is the biggest 'catch.' Yet, at the same time, Maple Sugar is so much more *fin de siècle* than the others—but how I run on! No more at present.

Yours ever,

LAUGHING ASPEN.

II.

Hotel O'Flanagan, Jersey City, U.S.: July 1897.

MY DEAREST KATHLEEN,—It is just ages since I wrote you, and I have such a lot to say! Quite a *tas de choses*! When I wrote last Pa was still in negotiation about me with Red Moose. Well, they arranged it quite to their own satisfaction. Red Moose did the handsome thing in skins, Pa said 'Done,' and I found myself doomed to squawdom at last. For the next week I had to receive the attentions of my elderly *fiancé*, and pretend to like them. But oh, the *ennui* of it! I saw nothing before me but an endless vista of squawdom and boredom. Well, since I came back 'home' Maple Sugar had paid me a good deal of attention, and I had long suspected that he was more than a little *épris*. But I must confess that I was surprised one evening, as I sat alone by the fire outside baking some hedgehogs, to hear his voice cooing in my ear—oh, all sorts of delicious things! How I wish I had you here for a *great big gossip*! Well, I was coy, but not relentless. Then followed the most delicious week: furtive hand-squeezes through the side of the wigwam, and stolen interviews up in an oak-tree close by. And all this time that horrid old Red Moose continued his visits; I had such an *envie de rire* at him.

Well, at last the Month of Fasting came on. But as you've probably never heard of that before, *il faut expliquer*. Then you

must know, my dear, that among the Chuckachucks, when one is going to be married, there is none of that delicious gadding up and down Oxford Street and flouncing into Marshall's and having everything they've got turned out on the counter, like we had before Emily's wedding. Not at all, I can assure you! Out here you're tied up in a bag and hung from the roof all alone in a hut, and an old woman comes twice a day to feed you with roots and beat you with a hickory-stick. Maple Sugar and I had determined to seize the opportunity. The very first night of fasting, just the day before my nose was to be bored, Maple Sugar crept into the hut, reached me down from the roof, flung me across his horse, bag and all, and off we went. Isn't that romantic! Well, we rode along, I holding on tight round his neck, when all of a sudden a horrid idea struck me: 'Maple Sugar,' I said, 'we've got no money!' When we got to the edge of the reservation, he left me under a tree for an hour or so, and then came back with a whole bundle of notes. It seems that he looted a little store just there, where they sell groceries and things to the Indians. So that when we got here we fortunately had a little money to go on with. To cut a long story short, here we are in a not very fashionable hotel in Jersey City wondering what we are going to live on. We have thought of missions, and even trade. Maple Sugar is a dear old thing and so romantic to look at; quite the Noble Savage, my dear, but *dreadfully stupid*! Never mind, his little wife has perhaps *un peu d'esprit*. And what do you think is my latest notion? We are going to set him up as a literary man! There is a great opening for the Noble Savage in American literature. We are first going to try our luck in the Poetical Market and boom the aboriginal. But if we are to make my husband a social and literary success, a most important question arises. *How are we to dress him?* Frock coat, or feathers? It is a momentous question: in poetry so much depends on personal appearance. As for me, it is easy to make up my mind—*plus de blankets!*

Yours in haste,

LAUGHING ASPEN.

III.

153A Trilby Flats, New York: September 1897.

MY VERY DEAREST KATHLEEN,—You must pack up your duds right now, and come and stop with us for weeks over here. We are getting on just splendidly, and as American as can be. You'd

best make haste, for if we carry on this rate we'll be setting up a mansion on Fifth Avenue soon, and getting too stuck-up to know you. When I last wrote you I told you about my literary plan for Maple. Well, it wasn't just a *château en Espagne*. We began with a little book of poems with a portrait of Maple at the commencement, more portraits of Maple in the shop windows, and interviews and things in the papers; then, when curiosity was excited, we came out into Society in a big 'do' at Jonas P. Smiles's. Our *entrée* in the *monde* created quite a *furor*, and we are all the go now. Of course, Maple can't write a line of poetry; in fact, he can't write anything but his name. Such a lot of ladies wanted to have his autograph, so we taught him to do that; they all say his signature is so 'full of character,' and 'just like his poems.' We cast around for a professional literary man, and found one who has spent thirty years trying to get a publisher for his 'Wild Grasses'—all about the forest and the prairie, and that sort of thing—and has meanwhile been keeping himself alive by reporting company meetings for the papers. We bought him, book and all, for thirty dollars a month, and he is now in the dining-room turning out real poetry by the yard. I am taking to it too. I am doing most part of a poem in the next volume; the hired poet does the rhymes. As for dress, my instinct was right: the Americans like to get their money's worth; you can't lay on the *couleur locale* too thick for them. So we dressed Maple Sugar in feathers. Poor dear Maple, he is very docile! Your little Laughing Aspen, too, is not altogether a failure. They are pleased to find a certain *piquancie* in me. Everybody comes to the Thursdays *chez la Belle Sauvage*, as I am told they call me. People are very facetious about us, of course; they call us Pocahontas and the Last of the Mohicans, and all sorts of queer things. I am very attentive to the women; the men don't need it. At first I was a little *intriguée* as to how Maple Sugar was to behave himself when I held my *salon*. He must keep people at a distance, it suits the character of the poet better; besides, they all want to ask him the meaning of lines in his book, and Maple don't understand half the poetry-words. So when I am 'at home' Maple has to squat on a sort of raised place, smoking a great pipe. He says it makes him very stiff squatting so long, for he has never been used to it at home, but I feel that Society expects it of him. The ladies wouldn't care for him half so much if he didn't smoke a pipe in the

drawing-room ; indeed, there was quite a scene last Thursday, when several of them fought for splinters of a discarded calumet. But I can't let Maple go out to meals yet. His way of tearing his meat may be picturesque, but it would be out of place at a dinner-party. But I've got to go to a *soirée* to-night, and I must be making tracks. Oh, my dear ! we are so full up this week. There's the O'Learys and the Maloneys and the Van Dunks and the Japanese Embassy and I don't know what else. Now mind you come over, *ma chérie*.

Your loving little

LAUGHING ASPEN.

IV.

Trilby Flats : October 3.

DEAREST KATHLEEN,—What an *ogre* your Papa is ! And his reasons for not letting you come are really too silly. 'Pre-carious' ? Why, Maple and I are almost the only permanent institution in the States. You say you rather think he disapproves of the way we have been making our money : if he does, it is quite too absurd for a *business man*. How do you suppose *other* people get on in the world ? I am not the first to practise a little harmless deception. *Tout au contraire*. I was a simple unsophisticated savage, you know, four years ago ; and it wasn't in the virgin forest that I learnt to be so sly, after all, was it ?

I thought your letter very dull and prosy, so mind you sit down at once and write me about things that are really interesting. On Tuesday at the Peruvian Minister's I wore my figured sateen with the old-gold trimming. Everybody thought it was silk. At first I used to enjoy going to these diplomatic parties, but I find them rather dull now. There always seems to me such a want of management about them ; all the guests do just as they like.

Fortunately most of my admirers were there. There was Colonel Walkinshaw, who everybody says is one of the most coming men there is now, and so *amusing* to talk to ! And Professor Panks, who is over seventy and hobbles about after me wherever I go ; *such a guy* ! I have made him promise to put Maple Sugar up for the Stonewall Literary Club—the selectest club in this city. Of course I shall never let Maple go there ; but it would look well on his cards. Young Wilcox of the 'Herald'

was at the Minister's too; he has brought himself to the front quite lately by a series of most appreciative articles on our first book.

I am feeling rather tired and worried to-day, so no more at present from your loving

LAUGHING ASPEN.

V.

Trilby Flats: October 8.

MY DEAREST KATHLEEN,—*Tout est fini!* It's all up! We have been ruined by the ingratitude of that man Pottimer, the hired poet, the man we dragged out of the mire, where but for us he would still be making up medical advertisements and reporting company meetings, instead of being a published poet in twelve editions. *O l'ingratitude, l'ingratitude!* I am still *tout éperdue*, all of a heap; Maple Sugar remains, of course, entirely expressionless as usual. The imperturbability of the Noble Savage is all very well in books, but it gets a little trying when you have it all day and every day in the same flat with you. I sometimes feel I *must* slap him.

But I will tell you the whole story in proper order. Well, you must know that it was at one of my Thursdays. But I ought first to tell you that our man Pottimer, the poet, had been getting very uppish lately. In fact, I had had some regular *scenes* with him. He wanted a higher salary, and actually demanded to appear at one of my At Homes. *Figurez-vous!* Of course the man is quite unpresentable, like all these unsuccessful writers: he wears turndown collars, switchback pantaloons and all that. Well, at last he got so threatening that I very foolishly consented, and sent him out with ten cents to have his hair cut.

I saw him next in the evening, when my *salon* was in full swing. He was standing at the buffet chattering with the journalists, who always congregate there. From his appearance I could see that he had-already been *causant avec la veuve Clicquot* pretty freely.

Colonel Walkinshaw had made me promise to recite one of our poems. So when the room was at its fullest I got up on the steps of Maple's dais. All the people gathered round. I was in my terra-cotta silkette with the squash-coloured streamers. I chose that piece you liked so, called 'Big Feet's Address to his Braves.' There was hardly a dry eye in the room in the pathetic passages. I believe I looked just lovely up there against the green

velveteen of the dais, which we got from Wardrop's at eighteen cents a yard—quite a bargain. My hair was done *à la Botticelli*; nobody wears bangs now. At last I came to that passage where Big Feet exclaims:

Shall the Paleface waste our wigwams?

Shall the Paleface steal our squaws?

when, to my horror, in the pause that I made there for effect, a husky voice came from the other end of the room and ended up the stanza quite impromptu:

Shall the Paleface be bamboozled

By a pair of d——d Choctaws?

It was Pottimer! Pottimer, red and tipsy, surrounded by a crowd of grinning journalists all on the look-out for 'copy.' Before anybody could stop him, Pottimer jumped up on a chair and began making a speech about how the people were a lot of great stupids—though that wasn't quite the expression he used—not to see through one of the most barefaced pieces of imposture, &c. How that he had struggled for thirty years, vainly trying to get a hearing, sacrificing all the best years of his life, &c., and because he was a plain white man instead of a dirty red-skinned loafer—meaning Maple—nobody would listen to him. He went on to say that he wouldn't have cared for our meanness in giving him only a dollar a day and all the slights he had had to put up with, but he would not stand being told to go and have his hair cut—how could I know he was so touchy about his greasy black mane?—and he shouted and waved his fist at me and Maple. Imagine how I felt! Just think how you would feel yourself, suppose your cook came in drunk at a dinner party and began to tell all your secrets to the guests, and what the dishes were made of, and everything.

Of course there was a great *scandale*, as you may well suppose. Everybody began shouting, 'Turn him out!' 'Hush!' 'Silence!' &c. I don't think anybody quite understood what it was all about. I am sure Maple Sugar didn't. But when he saw Pottimer shaking his fist at him, his warlike instinct was aroused; for Maple is very fierce when there's anything to be fierce about. He rose slowly, looking very grand, with his blanket sweeping down to the ground about him. The feathers down his back really seemed to stand on end and bristle like a cat's fur when it's angry. He stood a moment, growling in the most unearthly way, with his eyes sticking out, and the veins moving about on his forehead. A

general hum of admiration went round the room, and a lot of people began clapping their hands. I am sorry to say that the effect was rather spoiled by the fact that some of the ladies had, as usual, been clipping Maple's tail-feathers on the sly for mementoes. Next moment admiration was turned to terror, as Maple Sugar pulled out his tomahawk from under his blanket—he always wears a tomahawk in his belt—and began to chant his war-song at the top of his voice, slowly hopping up and down on the dais and waving his weapon round his head like that killing curate who sang 'Ballyhooley' that night at your Mothers' Treat.

All the ladies began to shriek, and there was a general rush for the door. In half a minute there wasn't a soul left in the room. I ran to the window, and was just in time to see Pottimer tearing down the street without any hat on and Maple dancing after him brandishing his tomahawk. I am thankful to say that Maple was at once overpowered by the police before any harm happened. Heaven knows what he would have done had he once gotten fairly started on the warpath!

Next morning, of course, the papers were full of it. 'Scandal in high life!' 'Scene at a *salon*!' 'Pocahontas in a pickle!' 'How the poet let the cat out of the bag!' 'How the fat fell in the fire,' &c. They had long and detailed accounts of the real authorship of the poems and biographies of Pottimer, all of which the journalists had, of course, got from the wretch at *my* house over *my* champagne-cup. As luck would have it, there was another edition of 'Wild Grasses' out that very day. That wretch young Wilcox, of the 'Herald,' had a horrid article about it in his paper. He said that the verses had no real poetical merit in them, and that they had only caused a sensation because Maple was a red-skin; that it was like a performing-pig being able to spell, very wonderful considering, &c. The other papers followed suit, so Mr. Julian B. Pottimer won't gain very much by his escapade; besides which the wretch has left all his shirts and things at our flat and dare not come back to fetch them. The worst of it is that all the tradesmen came pouring in at once with their bills; for of course we owe a good deal of money.

Our plans for the future are not quite fixed up yet. Of course we mean to leave New York. Fortunately we have a little money left, for I always had a sort of feeling that perhaps it mightn't last, and we have been laying by all the time.

Besides, the first edition of 'Wild Grasses,' most of which we bought up ourselves to encourage the publisher, is a literary curiosity now, and we expect to make a good deal of money out of that.

We have had several callers come to express their sympathy. Old Professor Panks left flowers the next day. Colonel Walkinshaw's admiration knows no bounds; he says it is the finest plant that has been gotten off on New York this century. He does a big business with the Indian settlements, and I think it most probable that he will give us his Kinahanville Agency. Of course, after our career in New York we shall be a good deal looked up to among the natives and shall probably do a good trade. You'd best wait till I give our new address before writing. The spotted tulpe you sent a cutting of is very pretty, and I shall have a summer gown of it if I can match it anywhere here.

Toujours à toi,

LAUGHING ASPEN.

G. L. CALDERON.

THROUGH TO THE KLONDIKE.

WE have now the record of a journey to the Klondike made this season. This journey was successfully accomplished from Juneau and Dyea by the usual route hitherto taken by the miners, and was made during the summer by a large party of Manitobans, who sent back word of their progress from time to time by men whom they met returning to the coast. This is, in all probability, the latest, if not the only account in this country of any journey made to the gold-fields during the past season; and as the letters were written while their experiences were fresh in the minds of the writers, we are enabled to get a pretty clear idea of the chief difficulties and dangers which such a journey entails.

Minute details, of course, could not be expected; indeed, the marvel is that, under such trying conditions, any man should have had the patience and energy to write at all. The letters are, however, characteristic, terse, and to the point. Difficulties which to a 'green Englishman' (as they say in Canada) would seem appalling, are dismissed with a joke or not referred to at all. A Canadian is not put about when he cannot rely upon others for assistance in the trumpery details of everyday life. If a thing has to be done, no matter what, he will do it—somehow—from making his porridge for breakfast to pleading his cause in a court of law later on, though he may be neither a cook nor a lawyer.

The precipices of the Chilcoot and the snow-tramp higher up are got over, though he never climbed a mountain before. He may know nothing of boat-building, but, with the help of one or two in the crowd to tell him something about it, he builds a more or less clumsy craft that answers his purpose and takes him over stormy lakes and swiftly running streams to his destination. He learns his work, in fact, by doing it.

The utter desolation of the vast unexplored wilderness around, where he is thrown solely on his own resources in every requirement of daily existence, is passed unnoticed. The Canadian has 'been there before,' and leaves you to fill in the blanks from your own imagination. The swarms of mosquitoes and gnats, which are a source of torture morning, noon, and night, are never once

mentioned; they are nothing new to those whose home is on the prairies, though it is certain that, if all accounts be true, they increase in size and virulence the nearer you approach the Arctic circle.

In short, the thousand and one incidents of days and nights for weeks on end, without shelter in any and every kind of weather, are taken as matters of course. When an Indian appears like a ghost on the scene from nowhere in particular, the Canadian makes a deal with him—by words, if possible, but if not, then by signs; the purpose is answered equally well either way.

Hardship and bodily discomfort being thus disregarded as belonging to the regular bill of fare, it is only the actual natural difficulties of the situation which are dwelt upon as they arise and are faced one after another by the travellers; and thus the ground is considerably cleared.

The news of the Klondike gold-fields was, as it were, suddenly sprung upon the people of this country. To some few of us here it had been known for some time past that the basin of the Upper Yukon was a vast gold-bearing region. The Canadian Government had long been represented on the spot by their surveyors and police. Reports were constantly coming in, and British capitalists were beginning to put money into the country and seeking powers of incorporation from the governments concerned. All this was known here; but even if the intelligence had been published, it would probably have fallen upon deaf ears. Meanwhile, long before news of the Yukon gold-fields had penetrated to the English press and been grasped by the people, Canadians, thousands of miles from the scene of excitement, had woken up to the fact and begun to push their way out.

Spring is the proper time to set out for the far North-West, and in Manitoba the snow begins to disappear during the second week in April. As soon then as the winter had broken up, a small party of three young Winnipeggers, one of whom was a son of the sheriff of Manitoba, were in readiness to start, and left Winnipeg on April 24 last. They reached Dyea on May 6, and took sixteen days to get their belongings over the Chilcoot Pass, the Indian packers at that time charging from eight to sixteen dollars a day. On May 22 they found Lake Lindeman still covered with ice, but unsafe to travel on, while they had difficulty even at that time in getting logs big enough out of which to whip-saw boards for their boats, so scarce were trees of any size. These

three reached the Klondike on June 14, so that reckoning, say, twelve days for the journey from here to Winnipeg (which is mere child's play), it would give us about nine weeks right through from England to the gold-fields.

In the meantime, a much larger party from the prairie capital were perfecting their arrangements, which brought them to the last week in May, and it is the adventures of this party which we shall be able to follow in detail, and so arrive at some notion of what a journey to the Klondike actually means. Tuesday at the Winnipeg depôt is usually a quiet day, from the fact that the Pacific express, which would otherwise arrive from Montreal, is not despatched from that city on Sundays, and a special train has to be made up for the small number of passengers going West. On this particular Tuesday, however, the departure of some five and twenty young men, many of them belonging to good Winnipeg families, for the distant Yukon, attracted to the platform a large assemblage of prominent citizens to wish the adventurers all success, and say their last farewells. The party was accommodated with a special tourist-car, and every arrangement made for their comfort on the long journey to the Pacific.

From Winnipeg to Vancouver by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and across the Gulf to Victoria, is about 1,570 miles; thence north to Juneau along the Pacific coast by boat, is over 900 miles more, but this is all plain sailing. Perhaps old countrymen will get a better idea of the distances to be traversed after leaving the railway, if I say that Victoria is in the latitude of Paris, Juneau in that of the Orkney Islands, and Dawson City, on the Klondike River, in the latitude of Iceland. At Juneau the real work of the journey begins, and here our party arrived in the evening of June 11, having met large quantities of ice floating down. Juneau is situated in the north-east corner of the Gulf of Alaska, south of the entrance to a long stretch of water called the Lynn Canal, which runs due north. Juneau was described as a large mining town with mountains behind it, about 3,000 feet high, making 'a great back and grand scenery.' There were fifty hotels and saloons always open, and only one policeman, and though there were several dance-halls and gambling resorts full all night, the place was quite orderly. The weather was hot at this time, and here the party stopped to make their purchases. Prices were reasonable, flour, bacon, and dried fruits being rather lower than in Winnipeg, where such things are by no means dear.

On the afternoon of the 14th they left Juneau for Dyea, 100 miles further north, on the tug *Sealin*. From Dyea (Tai-ya) it is about twenty-three miles across the coast-range to Lake Lindeman, the first of the lakes which are the head-waters of a river (the Lewes), flowing north into the Yukon, and for this distance the goods should be packed (that is, carried in packs) by the Indians who do this work. The mountains form the watershed which divides the basin of the Yukon on the north from that of the streams running south into the Gulf of Alaska, as this part of the North Pacific is called.

The first six miles were along a rapid stream where the rough track ran from side to side, over sand and boulders, with from six inches to two feet of water, and a very swift current; thence over boulders with fair footing to a cañon which was the end of the so-called wagon track. Then began the steep and rocky climb through the woods up the face of the mountain and across numerous deep and narrow gullies, towards the Chilcoot Pass (the name by which the Tai-ya Pass is known to the miners). To men accustomed to Alpine climbing this would be mere holiday work, but to youngsters who had spent all their life on the prairies it was, of course, particularly trying. The first halt was at Sheep Camp, which they reached in the evening, having left Dyea at ten in the morning, and here they had to stay for a day on account of rain. At 1.30 next morning they left for the summit with their Indians, twenty in number, including boys and squaws, an early start being necessary since the days were hot and the snow soft in the afternoon. After leaving Sheep Camp, vegetation is stunted, and the ascent becomes stiff; for a thousand feet they had to stick their toe-nails in for all they were worth, as the Canadian expression goes, and take steps of only a few inches. When the top was reached, the descent was begun, and if one lost his footing it would be a serious matter. There were altogether six miles over snow, but the latter part of the rocky track down to Lake Lindeman, though quite rough enough for our travellers, was found not to be so very bad.

The lake, nine miles from the top of the pass, they reached on June 19, 'a little disfigured, but still in the ring.' Only two of the party had had their goods 'packed' right through to the lake; some, indeed, had only had them packed to Sheep Camp, intending to do the rest of the work alone, but they speedily found themselves obliged to call in the help of the Indians; the

others had their stuff packed to the summit of the pass, but after struggling for three miles under their loads, they too were obliged to stop and look for Indians to relieve them. The writer who mentions this advises anyone who cannot afford to pay for transportation on this part of the journey not to come at all, as some men had been on the trail three weeks, and were then only half-way through. At Lake Lindeman most of the party remained nearly three weeks, since it is here that the boats have to be built for the rest of the journey to the Klondike, between 500 and 600 miles. From the time of first finding and then felling your trees, until your boat is ready for use, this boat building involves a great amount of hard work, even for men who know how to handle tools, but Canadians are very quick at this sort of thing, as General Middleton discovered in the last Riel rebellion in 1885 on the Saskatchewan, on which occasion he found that the Canadian volunteers contrasted very favourably with British regulars in their aptitude at necessary and urgent work of this description.

In the first place, after the trees are felled, the logs themselves are very hard to get down to the water; then the stream is very rough and full of boulders, the water being icy cold and running like a mill-race, and into this you have to get up to your middle and hand-spike the logs along, in danger all the time of being swept away by the current. As to the size of the boats here built, one, which was named the *Katie*, was 18 feet long at the bottom, and 20 feet at the top. Another was 19 feet bottom and 28 feet top, $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet across bottom, $6\frac{1}{2}$ across top, 24 inches high in centre, and 28 in bow; the mast 12 feet high. This one involved twelve days' hard work from early to late, in cutting down the logs and sawing them, and then building the boat. It was afterwards found that it would have been much better if the boat had been 6 feet longer, but logs good enough to build it that long could not be got, since trees which could be converted into good building timber were very scarce, the country being mostly rock and scrub. At Lake Lindeman there was quite a tent-town, and potatoes were then 30 cents a pound, flour 18 dollars a hundred, and pitch 100 dollars a barrel. Five or six boats were built here, to take a crew of three or four men in each. The lake is five miles long, and is connected with Lake Bennett, the next one below, by a rapid stream three-quarters of a mile in length, rough and rocky, with a fall of 20 feet between the

two lakes. Here the boats have to be unloaded and the goods packed over the 'portage,' as such stretches over land are called in America, where the loads and sometimes the boats themselves have to be carried instead of going by water. The *Katie* and some of the other boats were let down through the worst part in safety, but one boat, which was foolishly left by its crew to run itself through the rapids, was lost and became a complete wreck. The larger boat described above was hauled out of the water and portaged for fifty yards on skids. It was found to be leaking considerably, and had to be turned over and re-pitched. In the case of another boat, which they tried to run through the rapids, they were not so fortunate, for a serious accident occurred which would certainly have terminated fatally, had it not been for the readiness and presence of mind of those on the spot. Two of the crew were in the boat to guide her through the rapids, while there were three men on the tow-line. In the forcible language of the narrator, 'they snubbed the line to a stump on the bank, and M—— and N—— got in for the run; the men at the stump let out too much slack, and it got fast in the rocks in the river; and when the boat got near to a pile of drift timber in the middle of the shoot, she took up the loose line and went up against the timber, tipped up and filled with water. M—— jumped out, but N—— (a young doctor) was tumbled headlong into the water; he came up fifty yards down, and was carried down the rapids like a shot, but someone threw a rope to him, and he got ashore pretty well shaken up, it being a miracle he was not dashed to pieces on the rocks. We spent nearly two days trying to get the boat out, and did so, but she was a total wreck, and was burned for her nails.'

Then arose the question as to how the goods thus left stranded were to be disposed of. Were they to stay here, where already three weeks of precious time had been spent, while another boat was built, or run the risk of overcrowding the rest of the boats on their passage through the lakes? Fortunately at this juncture, a stranger, named McCauley, who was also on his way down, came to the rescue, and with him they were able to arrange for taking along most of the stuff. To show how the land lay I must here state that Lake Bennett is the first of a series of lakes which form what is technically called a 'system of still-water navigation'—an attractive-sounding phrase, which, however, only means that there are no obstacles in the shape of rapids or cataracts to obstruct the steady passage of a vessel. It by no means signifies

that your boat may not be overtaken in a violent storm, with the possibility of capsizing and the loss of all on board, through want of experience and skill in dealing with such an emergency.

These lakes are 2,150 feet above sea-level, and follow on in this order:—Lake Nares, the Windy Arm of Lake Tagish, Tagish Lake itself, and then Lake Marsh; the distance from the head of Lake Bennett to the foot of Lake Marsh being 70 miles.

In addition to the boats already referred to, six members of the party had a couple of boats built on Lake Bennett, and got away before the rest. One of these, the *Dorothy*, was steered by an archdeacon from Prince Albert, who was going north to serve as a missionary under Bishop Bompas; the other, named the *Nina*, being steered by an ex-alderman of Winnipeg, who was going to the Klondike to start a 'real estate and financial office' (an employment dear to the hearts of Canadians). They reached Dawson City on July 19, and found that three others of the party had arrived a few days previously; but these had not stopped to build boats, as they had contrived to get along with a couple of other parties who were already having boats built.

To return now to the rest of our adventurers, whom we left at the head of Lake Bennett, pulling themselves together after the dangers and troubles of the rapids, baking a supply of bread for the voyage down, packing their stuff securely in the boats, and getting everything in readiness for the next stage of their journey, which would take them well through the lakes and down the first part of the Lewes River, a hundred miles or so of straight sailing, day and night.

On Lake Bennett they met with rough weather, and two of the 'boys' were laid up for a couple of days. They then camped on Cariboo Crossing, between Bennett and Nares Lake, and on July 11 'tracked' to the Windy Arm, which required to be reached in the morning owing to its liability later in the day to such sudden squalls as have already been spoken of. Beyond difficulties from such causes, to which these lakes are particularly liable, no dangers of any special kind presented themselves.

Out of Lake Marsh runs the Lewes River, and it is on this river that some of the most exciting scenes of the journey occur, for serious obstacles are met with twenty-three miles below the lake, in the shape of the Miles Cañon and the White Horse Rapids. The stranger McCauley was among the first to arrive at the cañon with the extra load of goods which he had brought down, and

here they were unloaded, while he with two members of our party proceeded to run the cañon and the rapids. Along this dangerous part of the river, no less than three portages are necessary, which is a work of the most slavish toil, there being a steep ascent up the rocks at the head of the cañon, with a corresponding descent at the lower end, followed by a scramble along the rugged cliffs of the White Horse. It is a matter, in fact, of hard labour for four days, while the run through the cañon and down the rapids is reckoned by minutes.

Owing to unavoidable hindrances which had occurred, there was a delay at the head of the cañon of several days until the arrival of the remainder of the party, who did not all come together again after leaving Lake Bennett until they reached this point, and here the goods which had been unloaded by McCauley were packed and divided up among the rest.

The cañon is described as a most formidable-looking place; the river from having a width of about 200 yards is suddenly compressed into a space of about 30 yards, between perpendicular rocks of basalt looking like walls of masonry 75 or 100 feet high. Between these walls of rock the river rushes with tremendous velocity, boiling up in large waves, and it is only by frantic paddling that your boat can be kept in the middle and away from the rocks, against which, if it were dashed, it would be crushed like an egg-shell, and nothing could save you from death. Half-way down the cañon it opens out into a sort of basin, but again contracts, and the descent is more rapid than before, but the whole thing is over in a minute, though the cañon is nearly a mile in length.

From the foot of the cañon to the White Horse Rapids is a run of two to three miles, which are made in six or seven minutes. 'You go plunging along, and if you touch a rock it is all done with you,' says one of the letters. The White Horse Rapids themselves are about half a mile long, and are the most dangerous rapids on the Lewes River, the worst of these being at the lower end, where the basaltic banks suddenly close in, and the river is hardly more than 100 feet wide. The water rushes over boulders, dashes against them, and then recoils and boils backwards, covering itself with a white crest supposed to be like the mane of a white horse, whence of course the rapids take their name.

All the members of the party who attempted to run the cañon and rapids were fortunate enough to get over this part of the

journey in safety, the boats undamaged and provisions brought over all secure. Twenty-five miles below the rapids the Lewes River runs into Lake Labarge, which is over 30 miles in length; and at the foot of the lake another boat was built, for there were still 400 miles awaiting the adventurers before they could arrive at the gold-fields. The worst part of the journey, however, was past, and the difficulties that afterwards presented themselves were regarded as trifles in comparison with those which their pluck and determination had already overcome. Issuing from Lake Labarge, the Lewes River is still followed, until it finally unites with the Pelly River to form the Yukon, at which point are yet to be seen the ruins of old Fort Selkirk, which was raided by the Chilcoot Indians in 1852, and afterwards burnt. This part of the journey is dismissed in a few sentences. Near where the (miscalled) Hootilinqa flows into the Lewes they had to run a 'bad shoot,' which was not marked on the maps; but the Five Finger and the Rink Rapids, some way further down, did not give them much trouble. The Rink Rapids, in fact, are simply caused by a barrier of rocks extending half-way across the river from the west side, over which barrier there is a ripple, while on the east side there is no ripple and the water is smooth and deep. Below the junction of the Lewes and Pelly the course lies for the remaining 170 miles down the main stream of the Yukon, which averages a quarter of a mile in width; and, though the current is swift, there is no rough water, so that the rest of the voyage to the Klondike was all plain sailing.

Throughout the journey there was no trouble about fresh provisions, for they got moose-meat and fish from the Indians all along the route, and on one occasion a bear was shot on the bank and made 'fine eating.' Superfluous articles were traded off with the Indians in exchange for others of more practical value to the travellers. One man got a dressed moose-hide for some tobacco, and another secured one in exchange for his curling jacket, which was scarcely likely to be required at the gold-fields.

On July 31 they reached Dawson City, all in good health and spirits, but glad enough to get out of the boats, the unanimous conclusion being that it was a trip of a life-time.

They thus arrived at the Klondike just at the time when the news of the rich finds had reached the English newspapers, but practically twelve months ahead of those Englishmen who are anxiously awaiting the advent of next spring before they can

hope to start for the same destination. These latter, however, should not imagine that the state of things will then be any different from that above described, except that the crowds pressing in will be enormously greater. The difficulties above enumerated are precisely what will have to be encountered in the spring of 1898, for just exactly as things were left on the route when winter set in, so they will remain, for no improvements can be undertaken until spring has thoroughly cleared the ground, which will probably be some time in the end of May.

The trail over the White Pass (a route to Lake Bennett alternative to the Chilcoot) was reduced to an impassable condition even by the inrush of gold-seekers, which took place in the autumn, and more than three thousand pack-horses were lost along the route, either through falling over the precipices on the south side, or being bogged with their heavy loads in the treacherous swamps on the north side. And this rush was a mere bagatelle compared with what is expected to occur in the spring.

Railways there may be ultimately, but these are the work of time. Some knowledge of the proposed routes must be obtained, Acts of Parliament or their equivalent must be procured, and an elaborate survey must be had, before anything in the shape of track-laying can even be begun. The summer season is short, and it will probably be 1899 before any substantial improvement can be looked for. It will, in fact, be best for a man to be prepared to rely entirely on his own resources.

Then when he has finally reached the gold-fields, he will find that all the available claims have been taken up long ago, and he will have to wander far afield until fresh ground has been discovered, when, if he happens to be on the spot, he may have the good fortune to locate a claim. Otherwise he must look to whatever employment may happen to offer, even to dish-washing in an eating-house, or working in the streets of Dawson City, but this would doubtless be preferable to starvation. Many a well-brought-up Englishman have I known in the North-West, who has come to the end of his resources and been glad to earn his bread by work as a navvy or a day labourer, and the only way for a man to avoid such a possibility would be to take with him the wherewithal to keep him alive for one or two years, by which time he would probably have made up his mind whether he would like to go or stay.

It did not take our adventurers long to grasp the situation. Two of them in particular took a trip up to the mines, and spent

three days looking round. As might be supposed, they found things altogether different from what they expected. One of them writes:—‘There is no chance of getting anything in the way of a claim, unless some new strike is made. The claim-owners have a big thing, but if you have to work, it is no snap (*i.e.* an easy job). Wages are a dollar and a half per hour, but the miner has to pack his living and outfit for fifteen miles over the worst trail ever known, and it takes the cream out of the miner’s wages. So you see, with all the gold in sight, if you do not own a claim, you are not in it.’ He offers the very pertinent piece of advice that no one should go to the Klondike expecting to get gold ‘lying around in chunks,’ adding that there were any amount of men there, and fresh ones coming in ‘all the time.’ And finally, they came to the wise determination, that if they could not get into a claim by some means or other, they would go to work at anything that came along, with the hope that some new find would be made.

T. C. DOWN.

(Of the Bar of the North-Western Territories.)

ABNER'S WHALE.

DURING the early days of our cruise in the South-seaman 'Cachalot,' Abner Cushing, one of the 'green' hands, suffered many things at the skipper's hands. So ungainly and hapless a man apparently stood little chance of breaking our spell of bad luck, which had been so persistent that a bounty had been offered to whoever should first sight a useful whale, payable only in the event of the prize being secured by the ship. In consequence of our ill-success, and to stimulate the watchfulness of all, that bounty was now increased from ten pounds of tobacco to twenty, or fifteen dollars, whichever the winner chose to have. Most of us whites regarded this as quite out of the question for us, whose untrained vision was as the naked eye to a telescope when pitted against the eagle-like sight of the Portuguese. Nevertheless we all did our little best, and I know for one that when I descended from my lofty perch after a two hours' vigil, my eyes often ached and burned for an hour afterwards from the intensity of my gaze across the shining waste of waters.

Judge then of the surprise of everybody when, one forenoon watch, three days after we had lost sight of Trinidad, a most extraordinary sound was heard from the fore crow's-nest. I was at the time up at the main in company with Louis, the mate's harpooner, and we stared across to see whatever was the matter. The watchman was unfortunate Abner Cushing, and he was gesticulating and howling like a madman. Up from below came the deep growl of the skipper: 'Foremast head, there, what d'ye say?' 'B-b-b-blow, s-s-sir,' stammered Abner, 'a big whale right in the way of the sun, sir.' 'See anythin', Louey,' roared the skipper to my companion, just as we had both 'raised' the spout almost in the glare cast by the sun. 'Yessir,' answered Louis, 'but I kain't make him eout yet, sir.' 'All right, keep yer eye on him, an' lemme know sharp,' and away he went aft for his glasses.

The course was slightly altered, so that we headed direct for the whale, and in less than a minute afterwards we saw distinctly the great black column of a sperm whale's head rise well above the sea, scattering a circuit of foam before it, and emitting a

bushy, tufted burst of vapour into the clear air. 'There she white-waters, ah bl-o-o-o-o-w, blow, blow,' sang Louis, and then in another tone, 'Sparm whale, sir, big 'lone fish, headin' beout East by Nothe.' 'All right, 'way down from aloft,' answered the skipper, who was already halfway up the main rigging, and like squirrels we slipped out of our hoops and down the backstays, passing the skipper like a flash as he toiled upwards, bellowing orders as he went. Short as our journey down had been, when we arrived on deck we found all ready for a start. But as the whale was at least seven miles away, and we had a fair wind for him, there was no hurry to lower; so we all stood at attention by our respective boats, waiting for the signal. I found to my surprise that, although I was conscious of a much more rapid heart-beat than usual, I was not half so scared as I expected to be; that the excitement was rather pleasant than otherwise. There were a few traces of funk about some of the others still, but as for Abner, he was fairly transformed. I hardly knew the man. He was one of Goliath's boat's crew, and the big darkey was quite proud of him. His eyes sparkled, and he chuckled and smiled constantly, as one who is conscious of having done a grand stroke of business, not only for himself, but for all hands. 'Lower away boats,' came pealing down from the skipper's lofty perch, succeeded instantly by the rattle of the patent blocks as the falls flew through them, while the four beautiful craft took the water with an almost simultaneous splash. The ship-keepers had trimmed the yards to the wind and hauled up the courses, so that simply putting the helm down deadened our way, and allowed the boats to run clear without danger of fouling one another. To shove off and hoist sail was the work of a few moments, and with a fine working breeze away we went. As before, our boat, being the chief's, had the post of honour, but there was now only one whale, and I rather wondered why we had all left the ship. According to expectations, down he went when we were within a couple of miles of him, but quietly and with great dignity, elevating his tail perpendicularly in the air, and sinking slowly from our view. On this I found Mr. Count talkative.

'That whale 'll stay down fifty minutes, I guess,' said he, 'fer he's every gill ov a hunderd en twenty barl, 'n don't yew fergit it.' 'Do the big whales give much more trouble than the little ones?' I asked, seeing him thus chatty. 'Wall, it's jest ez it happens, boy, jest ez it happens. I've seen a fifty barl bull make

the purtiest fight I ever hearn tell ov, a fight thet lasted twenty hours, stove three boats 'n killed two men. Then agin I've seen a hunderd 'n fifty barl whale lay 'n take his grool 'thout hardly wunkin 'neyelid, never moved ten fathom from fust iron till fin eout. So yew may say, boy, that they're like peepul—got thar individooal pekyewlyarities, an thar's no countin' on em for sartin, nary time.' I was in great hopes of getting some useful information while his mood lasted, but it was over and silence reigned. Nor did I dare to ask any more questions, he looked so stern and fierce. The scene was very striking. Overhead a bright blue sky just fringed with fleecy little clouds, beneath a deep, blue sea, with innumerable tiny wavelets dancing and glittering in the blaze of the sun, but all swayed in one direction by a great solemn swell that slowly rolled from east to west like the measured breathing of some world-supporting monster. Four little craft in a group, with twenty-four men in them, silently waiting for battle with one of the mightiest of God's creatures, one that was indeed a terrible foe to encounter were he but wise enough to make the best use of his opportunities. Against him we came with our puny weapons, of which I could not help reminding myself that 'he laugheth at the shaking of a spear.' But when the man's brain was thrown into the scale against the instinct of the brute, the contest looked less unequal than at first sight, for *there* is the secret of success. My musings were very suddenly interrupted. Whether we had overrun our distance, or the whale, who was not 'making a passage,' but feeding, had changed his course, I do not know, but anyhow he broke water close ahead, coming straight for our boat. His great black head, like the broad bow of a dumb barge, driving the waves before it, loomed high and menacing to me, for I was not forbidden to look ahead now. But coolly, as if coming alongside the ship, the mate bent to the big steer oar and swung the boat off at right angles to her course, bringing her back again with another broad sheer as the whale passed foaming. This manœuvre brought us side by side with him before he had time to realise that we were there. Up till that instant he had evidently not seen us, and his surprise was correspondingly great. To see Louis raise his harpoon high above his head and with a hoarse grunt of satisfaction plunge it into the black shining mass beside him up to the hitches, was indeed a sight to be remembered. Quick as thought he snatched up a second harpoon, and as the whale rolled from us it flew from

his hands, burying itself like the former one, but lower down the body. The great impetus we had when we reached the whale carried us a long way past him, out of all danger from his struggles. No hindrance was experienced from the line by which we were connected with the whale, for it was loosely coiled in a space for the purpose in the boat's bow to the extent of a couple of hundred feet, and this was cast overboard by the harpooner as soon as the fish was fast. He made a fearful to-do over it, rolling completely over several times backward and forward, at the same time smiting the sea with his mighty tail, making an almost deafening noise and pother. But we were comfortable enough while we unshipped the mast and made ready for action, being sufficiently far away from him to escape the full effect of his gambols. It was impossible to avoid reflecting, however, upon what *would* happen if, in our unprepared and so far helpless state, he were, instead of simply tumbling about in an aimless, blind sort of fury, to rush at the boat and try to destroy it. Very few indeed would survive such an attack, unless the tactics were radically altered. No doubt they would be, for practices grow up in consequence of the circumstances with which they have to deal.

After the usual time spent in furious attempts to free himself from our annoyance, he betook himself below, leaving us to await his return and hasten it as much as possible by keeping a severe strain upon the line. Our efforts in this direction, however, did not seem to have any effect upon him at all. Flake after flake ran out of the tubs until we were compelled to hand the end of our line to the second mate to splice his own to. Still it slipped away, and at last it was handed to the third mate, whose two tubs met the same fate. It was now 'Mistah' Jones's turn to 'bend on,' which he did with many chuckles, as of a man who was the last resource of the unfortunate. But his face grew longer and longer as the never-resting line continued to disappear. Soon he signalled us that he was nearly out of line, and two or three minutes after he bent on his 'drogue' (a square piece of plank with a rope tail spliced into its centre, and considered to hinder a whale's progress at least as much as four boats) and let go the end. We had each bent on our drogues in the same way when we passed our ends to one another. So now our friend was getting along somewhere below with 7,200 feet of $1\frac{3}{4}$ -inch rope, and weight additional equal to the drag of sixteen 30-foot boats.

Of course we knew that unless he were dead and sinking he could not possibly remain much longer beneath the surface. The exhibition of endurance we had just been favoured with was a very unusual one, I was told, it being a rare thing for a cachalot to take out two boats' lines before returning to the surface to spout.

Therefore we separated as widely as was thought necessary in order to be near him on his arrival. It was, as might be imagined, some time before we saw the light of his countenance, but when we did we had no difficulty in getting alongside of him again. My friend Goliath, much to my delight, got there first, and succeeded in picking up the bight of the line. But having done so, his chance of distinguishing himself was gone. Hampered by the immense quantity of sunken line which was attached to the whale, he could do nothing, and soon received orders to cut the bight of the line and pass the whale's end to us. He had hardly obeyed, with a very bad grace, when the whale started off to windward with us at a tremendous rate. The other boats, having no line, could do nothing to help, so away we went alone, with barely a hundred fathoms of line in case he should take it into his head to sound again. The speed at which he went made it appear as if a gale of wind was blowing, and we flew along the sea surface, leaping from crest to crest of the waves, with an incessant succession of cracks like pistol-shots. The flying spray drenched us and prevented us from seeing him, but I fully realised that it was nothing to what we should have to put up with if the wind freshened much. One hand was kept baling the water out which came so freely over the bows, but the rest hauled with all their might upon the line, hoping to get a little closer to the flying monster. Inch by inch we gained on him, encouraged by the hoarse objurgations of the mate, whose excitement was intense. After what seemed a terribly long chase we found his speed slackening, and we redoubled our efforts. Now we were close upon him; now, in obedience to the steersman, the boat sheered out a bit, and we were abreast of his labouring flukes. Now the mate hurls his quivering lance with such hearty goodwill that every inch of its slender shaft disappears within the huge body.

'Lay off; off with her, Louey,' screamed the mate, and she gave a wide sheer away from the whale, not a second too soon. Up flew that awful tail, descending with a crash upon the water

not two feet from us. 'Out oars, pull two, starn three,' shouted the mate, and as we obeyed our foe turned to fight. Then might one see how courage and skill were such mighty factors in the apparently unequal contest. The whale's great length made it no easy job for him to turn, while our boat, with the two oars a-side and the great leverage at the stern supplied by the nineteen-foot steer-oar, circled, backed, and darted ahead like a living thing animated by the mind of our commander. When the leviathan settled we gave a wide berth to his probable place of ascent, when he rushed at us we dodged him, when he paused, if only momentarily, in we flew and got home a fearful thrust of the deadly lance.

All fear was forgotten now. I panted—thirsted for his life. Once, indeed, in a sort of frenzy, when for an instant we lay side by side with him, I drew my sheath-knife and plunged it repeatedly into the blubber, as if I were assisting in his destruction. Suddenly the mate gave a howl: 'Starn all! Starn all! Oh, starn!' and the oars bent like canes as we obeyed. There was an upheaval of the sea just ahead; then slowly, majestically, the vast body of our foe rose into the air. Up, up it went, while my heart stood still, until the whole of that immense creature hung on high, apparently motionless, and then fell, a hundred tons of solid flesh, back into the sea. On either side of that mountainous mass the waters rose in shining towers of snowy foam, which fell in their turn, whirling and eddying around us as we tossed and spun like a chip in a whirlpool. Blinded by the flying spray, baling for very life to free the boat from the water with which she was nearly full, it was some minutes before I was able to decide whether we were still uninjured or not. Then I saw at a little distance the whale lying quietly. As I looked, he spouted, and the vapour was red with his blood. 'Starn all!' again cried our chief, and we retreated to a considerable distance. The old warrior's practised eye had detected the coming climax of our efforts—the dying agony or 'flurry' of the great mammal. Turning upon his side, he began to move in a circular direction, slowly at first, then faster and faster, until he was rushing round at tremendous speed, his great head raised quite out of water at times, clashing his enormous jaws. Torrents of blood poured from his spout-hole, accompanied by hoarse bellowsings as of some gigantic bull, but really caused by the labouring breath trying to pass through the clogged air-passages. The utmost caution and

rapidity of manipulation of the boat were necessary to avoid his maddened rush; but this tremendous energy was short-lived. In a few minutes he subsided slowly in death; his mighty body reclined on one side, the fin uppermost waving limply as he rolled to the swell, while the small waves broke gently over the carcase in a low, monotonous surf, intensifying the profound silence that had succeeded the tumult of our conflict with the late monarch of the deep.

Hardly had the flurry ceased when we hauled up alongside of our hard-won prize in order to secure a line to him in a better manner than at present for hauling him to the ship. This was effected by cutting a hole through the tough, gristly substance of the flukes with the short 'boat-spade' carried for the purpose. The end of the line, cut off from the faithful harpoon that had held it so long, was then passed through this hole and made fast. This done, it was 'smoke-oh.' The luxury of that rest and refreshment was indeed something to be grateful for, coming as it did in such complete contrast to our recent violent exertions.

The ship was some three or four miles off to leeward, so we reckoned she would take at least an hour and a half to work up to us. Meanwhile, our part of the performance being over—and well over—we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, lazily rocking on the gentle swell by the side of a catch worth at least 800%. During the conflict I had not noticed what now claimed attention—several great masses of white, semi-transparent-looking substance floating about, of huge size and irregular shape. But one of these curious lumps came floating by as we lay, tugged at by several fish, and I immediately asked the mate if he could tell me what it was and where it came from. He told me that, when dying, the cachalot always ejected the contents of his stomach, which were invariably composed of such masses as we saw before us; that he believed the stuff to be portions of big cuttle-fish bitten off by the whale for the purpose of swallowing, but—he wasn't sure; anyhow, I could haul this piece alongside now, if I liked, and see. Secretly wondering at the indifference shown by this officer of forty years' whaling experience to such a wonderful fact as appeared to be here presented, I thanked him, and, sticking the boathook into the lump, drew it alongside. It was at once evident that it was a massive fragment of cuttle-fish tentacle or arm, as thick as a very stout man's body, and with six or seven sucking discs or *acetabula* on it. These were about as large as a

saucer, and on their inner edge were thickly set with hooks or claws all round the rim, sharp as needles and almost the shape and size of a tiger's.

To what manner of awful monster this portion of limb belonged I could only faintly imagine, but of course I remembered, as any sailor would, that from my earliest sea-going I had been told that the cuttle-fish was the biggest in the sea, although I never even began to think it might be true until now. I asked the mate if he had ever seen such creatures as this piece belonged to, alive and kicking. He answered languidly, 'Wall, I guess so, but I don't take any stock in fish 'cept for provisions er ile, en that's a fact.' It will be readily believed that I vividly recalled this conversation when, many years after, I read an account by the Prince of Monaco of *his* discovery of a gigantic squid, to which his naturalist gave the name of *Lepidoteuthis Grimaldii*. Truly the indifference and apathy manifested by whalers generally to everything except commercial matters is wonderful, hardly to be credited. However, this was a mighty revelation to me. For the first time it was possible to understand that, contrary to the usual notion of a whale being unable to swallow a herring, here was a kind of whale that could swallow—well, a block four or five feet square apparently, who lived upon creatures as large as himself, if one might judge of their bulk by the sample to hand, but, being unable from only possessing teeth in one jaw to masticate his food, was compelled to tear it in sizeable pieces, bolt it whole, and leave his commissariat department to do the rest.

While thus ruminating, the mate and Louis began a desultory conversation concerning what they termed 'ambergrease.' I had never even heard the word before, although I had a notion that Milton in 'Paradise Lost,' describing the Satanic banquet, had spoken of something being 'gris-amber steamed.' They could by no means agree as to what this mysterious substance was, how it was produced or under what conditions. They knew that it was sometimes found floating near the dead body of a sperm whale; the mate in fact stated that he had taken it once from the rectum of a cachalot, and they were certain that it was of great value—from one to three guineas per ounce. When I got to know more of the natural history of the sperm whale, and had studied the literature of the subject, I was no longer surprised at their want of agreement, since the learned doctors who have written upon the matter do not seem to have come to

definite conclusions either. Anyhow it is nearly always found with cuttle-fish beaks imbedded in its substance, showing that these indigestible portions of the sperm whale's food have in some manner become mixed with it during its formation in the bowel. Chemists have analysed it with scanty results. Its great value is due to its property of intensifying the power of perfumes, although, strange to say, it has little or no odour of its own, a faint trace of musk being perhaps detectable in some cases. The Turks are said to use it for a peculiarly Turkish purpose, while the Moors are credited with a taste for it in their cookery. About both these latter statements there is considerable doubt. I only give them for what they are worth, without committing myself to any definite belief in them.

The ship now neared us fast, and as soon as she rounded to we left the whale and pulled towards her, paying out line as we went. Arriving alongside the line was handed on board, and in a short time the prize was hauled to the gangway. We met with a very different reception this time. The skipper's grim face actually looked almost pleasant as he contemplated the colossal proportions of the latest addition to our stock. He was, indeed, a fine catch, being at least seventy feet long and in splendid condition. As soon as he was secured alongside in the orthodox fashion, all hands were sent to dinner, with an intimation to look sharp over it. Judging from our slight previous experience there was some heavy labour before us, for this whale was nearly four times as large as the one caught off the Cape Verdes. And it was so. Verily those officers toiled like Titans to get that tremendous head off, even the skipper taking a hand. In spite of their efforts it was dark before the heavy job was done. As we were in no danger of bad weather, the head was dropped astern by a hawser until morning, when it would be safer to dissect it. All that night we worked incessantly, ready to drop with fatigue, but not daring to suggest the possibility of such a thing. Several of the officers and harpooners were allowed a few hours off, as their special duty of dealing with the head at daylight would be so arduous as to need all their energies. When day dawned we were allowed a short rest, while the work of cutting up the head was undertaken by the rested men aft. At seven bells (7.30) it was 'turn to' all hands again. The 'junk' was hooked on to both cutting tackles, and the windlass manned by everybody who could get hold. Slowly the enormous mass

rose, canting the ship heavily as it came, while every stick and rope aloft complained of the great strain upon them. When at last it was safely shipped and the tackles cast off, the size of this small portion of a full-grown cachalot's body could be realised, not before.

It was hauled from the gangway by tackles, and securely lashed to the rail running round beneath the top of the bulwarks for that purpose, the 'lash-rail,' where the top of it towered up as high as the third ratline of the main-rigging. Then there was another spell, while the 'case' was separated from the skull. This was too large to get on board, so it was lifted halfway out of water by the tackles, one hooked on each side. Then they were made fast, and a spar rigged across them at a good height above the top of the 'case.' A small block was lashed to this spar through which a line was rove. A long narrow bucket was attached to one end of this rope, the other end on deck being attended by two men. One unfortunate beggar was perched aloft on the above-mentioned spar, where his position, like the main-yard of Marryat's verbose carpenter, was 'precarious, and not at all permanent.' He was provided with a pole, with which he pushed the bucket down through a hole cut in the upper end of the 'case,' whence it was drawn out by the chaps on deck, full of spermaceti. It was a weary, unsatisfactory process, wasting a great deal of the substance being baled out, but no other way was apparently possible. The grease blew about, drenching most of us engaged in an altogether unpleasant fashion, while to mend matters, the old barky began to roll and tumble about in an aimless, drunken sort of way, the result of a new cross swell rolling up from the south-westward. As the stuff was gained, it was poured into large tanks in the blubber-room, the quantity being too great to be held by the try-pots at once. Twenty-five barrels of this clear wax-like substance was baled from that case, and when at last it was lowered a little, and cut away from its supports, it was impossible to help thinking that much was still remaining within which we, with such rude means, were unable to save. Then came the task of cutting up the 'junk.' Layer after layer, eight to ten inches thick, were sliced off, cut into suitable pieces, and passed into the tanks. So full was the matter of spermaceti that one could take a piece as large as one's head in the hands and squeeze it like a sponge, expressing the spermaceti in showers, until nothing remained but

a tiny ball of fibre. All this soft pulpy mass was held together by walls of exceedingly tough, gristly integument ('white horse'), which was as difficult to cut as gutta-percha, and, but for the peculiar texture, not at all unlike it.

When we had finished separating the junk there was nearly a foot of oil on deck in the waist, and uproarious was the laughter when some hapless individual, losing his balance, slid across the deck and sat down with a loud splash in the deepest part of the accumulation.

The lower jaw of this whale measured exactly nineteen feet in length from the opening of the mouth, or say the last of the teeth, to the point, and carried twenty-eight teeth on each side. For the time it was hauled aft out of the way, and secured to the lash-rail. The subsequent proceedings were just the same as before described, only more so. For a whole week our labours continued, and when they were over we had stowed below 146 barrels of mingled oil and spermaceti, or fourteen and a half tons.

It was really a pleasant sight to see Abner receiving, as if being invested with an order of merit, the twenty pounds of tobacco to which he was entitled. Poor fellow! he felt as if at last he were going to be thought a little of, and treated a little better. He brought his bounty forrard, and shared it out as far as it would go, with the greatest delight and good-nature possible. Whatever he might have been thought of aft, certainly for the time he was a very important personage forrard. Even the Portuguese, who were inclined to be jealous of what they considered an infringement of their rights, were mollified by the generosity shown.

After every sign of the operations had been cleared away, the jaw was brought out and the teeth extracted with a small tackle. They were set solidly into a hard white gum, which had to be cut away all around them before they would come out. When cleaned of the gum they were headed up in a small barrel of brine. The great jaw-pans were sawn off, and placed at the disposal of anybody who wanted pieces of bone for 'scrimshaw,' or carved work. This is a very favourite pastime on board whalers, though in ships such as ours the crew had little opportunity for doing anything, hardly any leisure during daylight being allowed. But our carpenter was a famous workman at 'scrimshaw,' and he started half a dozen walking-sticks forthwith. A favourite design is to

carve the bone into the similitude of a rope, with 'worming' of smaller line along its lays. A handle is carved out of a whale's tooth, and insets of 'baleen,' silver, cocoa-tree, or ebony give variety and finish. The tools used are of the roughest. Some old files, softened in the fire, and filed into grooves something like saw-teeth, are most used, but old knives, sail needles, and chisels are pressed into service. The work turned out would in many cases take a very high place in an exhibition of turnery, though never a lathe was near it. Of course, a long time is taken over it, especially the polishing, which is done with oil, and whiting if it can be got, powdered pumice if it cannot. I once had an elaborate pastry-cutter carved out of six whales' teeth, which I purchased for a pound of tobacco from a seaman of the *Coral* whaler, and afterwards sold in Dunedin, New Zealand, for 2*l.* 10*s.*, the purchaser being decidedly of opinion that he had a bargain.

FRANK T. BULLEN.

CONCERNING CLOTHES.

Most people, however, call them close. Herrick appears also to have done so:—

When as in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Sailors call them duds; thieves call them clobber; schoolboys, togs; and women, things. A modern poet, who has recently proved his affection for clothes as they dry upon the line, also calls them things. He has a lyric beginning—

Alice, Alice, put on your things.

Of all men, tramps and peers care least about their appearance. This indifference to public opinion of one's clothes is indeed an enviable state to reach. I have always liked the story of the old fellow who at home dressed badly because everyone knew him, and badly when he travelled because no one knew him. He was one of the few men who have had courage to dress to please themselves. Most of us dress to please other persons; and, even then, it must be added, rarely succeed. The late Professor Fawcett objected on principle to make himself uncomfortable by dressing for dinner, but he had a very charming way of disarming criticism and propitiating his hostess. He had upstairs, he would assure her, an excellent dress suit for which he had paid a high price, and if it would be any satisfaction to the company his secretary would bring it down and display it. But one has to be a Professor Fawcett to carry off such an idiosyncrasy as this. At many dinner parties the guests have been asked as much on account of their clothes as their wit—the man without a wedding garment in the parable apparently had no compensating distinction of intellect. A good dinner-story tells how Dean Stanley once arrived at table with one side of his collar flapping in the air. During the meal his hostess asked him if he was aware of its condition, and if he would like any assistance in rectifying it. 'Oh, no,' he replied genially; 'it broke while I was dressing. I don't mind. Do you?' These are the men one envies.

It is a curious experience to walk, as I did recently, behind a

man dressed in one's old suit. You have a vision of yourself, or, if you will, a glimpse of your double, a reminder that you are not everybody. Being the first time I had seen the suit from the back, a vague sense of familiarity preceded recognition, and then, looking stedfastly on the very excellent cloth of the suit and its quiet pattern, I remembered how kindly and liberal a coat it was, and how easy and unconstrained all movements of limb had been in it, and how many years it still had before it, and I perceived sorrowfully that I had given away as noble a set of hartogs as man ever possessed. This proves how careful we should be in parting with cast-off suits. Thoreau affirmed that old clothes should be burnt: and, from the point of view of those who hold that attire ought to be autobiographical, this is true; for how can tweeds handed on from one man to another continue to be autobiographical? But Thoreau's contention was a counsel of perfection—that is to say, advice for Thoreaus—and, moreover, so few persons have autobiographies that we may as well persevere in the bestowal of old clothes.

It is better, I think, to give them away than to sell them. Those that have tried to sell clothes know that not even books descend in value quite so rapidly. Five minutes' wear makes a coat secondhand, and reduces its worth by some ninety per cent. Nothing is quite so disenchanting as the offer of the dealer who looks over one's wardrobe. It is cataclysmic in its paucity. Finding a dealer should be an easy matter to the peruser of advertisements. 'Wardrobes purchased' is one of the commonest lines to catch the eye, and everyone knows the ambiguous wording of the announcement: 'Mr. and Mrs. Resartus respectfully inform the public that they have left-off clothing of every description. Inspection invited.'

All old clothes, without exception, are sad, but nothing wears so sorry an air as the old fur-lined coat. A new fur-lined coat is magnificent. It is a symbol of luxury, the antithesis of the hair shirt. It is more than a garment, it is a fortification. An Englishman's fur coat, some one has said, is his castle. But when decay has set in, when it is partly bald and entirely weather-worn, then the fur coat is the wretchedest object in civilisation. It is not good even for charades; although, in its luxuriant days, how versatile it was! From time to time it had been (inside out) most of the larger animals in the Zoo. Such versatility, indeed, has the fur coat that on the night of a children's party the

prudent father turns the key upon it. Fur-lined coats never become hartogs; nor do overcoats. These, therefore, may be given away or sold without heart-flutterings; although the ordinary overcoat should not be parted with lightly. An old overcoat is a good fellow to accompany one to sea, to wear on deck on rough or rainy nights. But, strictly speaking, no overcoat becomes a hartog.

And what, I seem to hear you ask, what are hartogs? For the definition of this admirable word we must turn to a contributor to a recent 'Globe.' 'Clothes,' he wrote, 'that are less imposing and more comfortable than any others are hartogs. To be old is not sufficient; nor is it enough that they are easy. To be hartogs they must combine both these merits. Good clothes when they grow baggy and faded become hartogs; bad clothes, never. Inferior and ill-fitting clothes become merely "old clo." The derivation of hartogs is a secret; but all philologists, and all who, like Mr. Stevenson, have a "love of lovely words," will recognise in the term a neologue of singular fitness and attraction. Think about it for a minute or two, and you will realise that clothes of the kind described above could not possibly be known in any other way. They are hartogs—just hartogs, and nothing else. Old clothes of the common type one thinks of without affection, but hartogs are beloved. . . . Anything is good enough to cover nakedness; hartogs do more—they confer cheerfulness and irresponsibility; they fit the wearer for a freer life. Yet it must be understood that hartogs are never absolutely disreputable, never so old that one cannot meet the vicar's wife without shame. . . . In ordinary life, however, the wearer of hartogs disdains coats and mackintoshes, except in extreme stress of weather. It is the winds and rains of heaven and the might of the sun that have made his hartogs what they are; the indoor life produces a very inferior result. Your best hartogs are stamped by the universe itself. You cling to hartogs because you love them, not because you cannot afford others;—they must not be associated with poverty. . . . Some persons mark Sunday with them. They are the garb of the wise traveller. You meet hartogs on Helvellyn and among the Langdale Pikes; you recognise them in the Black Forest and on the Gemmi; you are aware of them in the Trossachs and beneath the smooth rotundities and swelling undulations of the South Downs. Nature's bet lovers woe her in hartogs.' This definition should be exhaustive

enough for any intellect; and yet a little may be added. It should be said, for instance, that few women have enough courage to achieve hartogs. The mass dare not. There are also men who dare not, and there are men whose position is against it. Bishops probably have no hartogs.

Of all hartogs the coat is the most dearly prized. One cannot feel affectionately towards a waistcoat: there is nothing lovable about a waistcoat; but a coat becomes a friend, a brother. Men have worn coats for decades. A satisfying coat is worth its weight in platinum, because it is so rare. The waistcoat is within the compass of any tailor, and passable trousers are to be bought where you will; but a coat is different. Nothing is quite so disgusting as the determination of one's tailor to have his own way in the matter of the coat. You order a dozen personal touches; you stipulate for no pads in the shoulders; for a deep collar, to turn up in wet or cold; for extra pockets inside; for no lining in the back; for no fashionable antics in the cutting. And the tailor smiles and smiles. None the less is he a villain, for when the coat comes home it is precisely what you struggled to make certain it should not be. A tailor who will obey to the letter is more than rubies. Hence the loveliness of a truly good coat.

Hats are lovable, too. Boots, however, are merely comfortable and tolerable. No one can love old boots, no one can do more than endure them; and newly married people cannot even do that. Boots are civilisation's most conspicuous failure: they pinch, they cramp, they mar, they have every tightness but water-tightness; they are hot in summer and cold in winter; they have no durability; they are costly. They make it almost worth while to have one's feet amputated early in life. Lord Erskine said it was comforting to remember that when the hour came for all secrets to be revealed, then, at length, we should learn why shoes are always made too tight. And yet what is to be done? To go barefooted is, after all these ages of shoe-leather, impossible, and sandals are chilly and Socialistic. Indoors, of course, there are slippers, and latterly a very excellent kind devised of felt has been obtainable. But no good work, it has been said, has ever been done in slippers, and certainly no good walking. For out-door life in this mutable England we have yet to discover the fitting boot. The quest of it is the business of a lifetime; a man may be said never to come within measurable distance of being well-shod until he has one foot in the grave. At the most,

a pair of boots can be hartogs for a year. After that they are past further mending, whereas a hat is precious for a lustrum.

While an old hat is so good a friend, a new hat is usually an enemy. Few men have come out of their hatter's satisfied with their purchase—it always seems as if a rival maker must keep better shapes. The wise man either permits his wife to choose hats for him, or he adheres continually to one shape, as the late Marquis of Ailesbury did. Among the many anecdotes told of that eccentric nobleman there is one bearing upon his emphatic taste in hats. The story shows him standing bareheaded in his hatter's, waiting for the return of the assistant who was serving him. At that moment entered a short-sighted bishop, who walked directly to the marquis, and, handing him his hat, asked if he had one like it. The hereditary legislator took the hat and subjected its rigging to careful scrutiny. 'No,' he said at length, as he returned it, 'no, and I'm dashed if I'd wear it if I had.' The tall hat, unless worn at an individual angle such as that of the late Sir Robert Peel, is reticent. It tells little. The bowler is hardly more communicative. But there are other shapes which are garrulous as one can wish—the wideawake, the colonial, the squash; these have distinct connotations and offer volumes about their wearers.

Ties almost always are trustworthy guides to personality, and with the fanciful nothing—not even unanswered letters—accumulates like them. Some men cannot resist a new tie; others keep a fresh one for every day in the year. I remember that a master at school rang the changes on his store so repeatedly that to-morrow's colour would be the subject of wagers between those boys who had anything to bet. To wear no tie is a peculiarity of lay preachers. On the other hand, a red tie allied to general negligence of attire is often a mark of aversion from church and adherence to a Fabian policy. Some men cling to one colour to the day of their death. Mr. Ruskin has in this way clung to light blue. A certain notable philologist is similarly faithful to pink, while the representative English humorist makes black his only wear. In a shop off Piccadilly ties, quite needlessly, are called 'neckwear.'

In winter there is nothing more comfortable than hartogs; but in summer flannels supersede them. The joy of flannels is not to be translated into words; it is one of the few secrets of man that women will never wholly comprehend. The joy of beer

is another ; of tobacco, a third. Buoyancy, liberty, the power to do—these are put on with flannels. Flannels are as levelling almost as nakedness. On the cricket field all men are equal. Has not Richardson bowled Lord Hawke these many seasons ? and I doubt not but he would york even the Prince of Wales. But once, in appearance at any rate, there were distinctions. In the old days, when George Parr hit to long-leg for six, and George Freeman bowled liked lightning, flannels were a distinguishing sign. In those days the professional was marked by his dress for the dependent he was, and the 'Daily Chronicle' will not allow him to be. He wore a coloured shirt and his whites were yellow. You may see them in old photographs. My earliest recollection of county cricket is a Sussex and Surrey match at Brighton twenty years ago ; and I remember distinctly that Pooley's flannels were dingy, Jupp's grey. But now, except in a few cases, there is nothing to distinguish the two classes of cricketers. A change has come over the professional, and his flannels now shine like an amateur's. From the pavilion a stranger would find it impossible to pick out the pros. They sometimes even wear ties, a thing unheard of in the 'sixties and not to be endured. Yet this new sartorial complexion which the game wears is good, for it emphasises the socialism of cricket. The watering-place in summer also has its flannels, but these are not as the flannels of the field. Of all watering-places none has such individual attire as Bournemouth, but then Bournemouth is not, strictly speaking, a watering-place at all, but a cod-liver-oiling place. At Bournemouth you see natural wool. There, too, are digitated socks.

Cricket is comparatively a fully dressed pursuit. Rowing requires far less clothing, and the young men who run through the less populous London suburbs of an evening are almost too airily clad. Except for comfort clothes are seldom a positive necessity. A naked parliament would make equally good laws, although caricaturists might object. The only profession to which clothes are indispensable is that of the pickpocket—and then vicariously. At a pinch most of us could, if need were, very creditably get through our daily avocations unclad. Perhaps the finest proof of the superfluity of clothes is the taking of Lungtungpen, when the whole invading host had not 'betune' them enough to dust a fife. None the less, for Europeans, even in the most oppressive weather, something is more comfortable and cool than nothing. Our skins are too tender. How our

remote forefathers contrived to be satisfied with woad, I cannot imagine; either the climate of early Britain was much milder or woad was very warming. On few days of the year now is it hot enough for nothing. On those days white linen ducks are very pleasant, and alpaca coats have their adherents. Limp collars are an alleviation; indeed, in sultry seasons the starched collar is the first to go. It may be said that no *déshabille* is comely or even presentable, although I suppose that it would not matter to us—we should not be critical—if the lawyer's clerk who announced a legacy arrived breathless in nothing but an umbrella. Yet *déshabille* can be impressive, as we learn in a letter of Charles Dickens to the late James T. Fields, the American publisher. Dickens wrote: 'I dreamed that somebody was dead. It was a private gentleman, and a particular friend; and I was greatly overcome when the news was broken to me (very delicately) by a gentleman in a cocked hat, top boots, and a sheet. Nothing else. "Good God!" I said, "is he dead?" "He is as dead, sir," rejoined the gentleman, "as a door-nail. But we must all die, Mr. Dickens, sooner or later, my dear sir." "Ah!" I said; "yes, to be sure. Very true. But what did he die of?" The gentleman burst into a flood of tears, and said, in a voice broken by emotion, "He christened his youngest child, sir, with a toasting fork!"' Some sensitive men refuse to appear in *déshabille* on any terms. 'There was a lovable English clergyman,' says Mark Twain in "A Tramp Abroad," 'who did not get to *table d'hôte* at all. His breeches had turned up missing, and without any equivalent. He said he was not more particular than other people, but he had noticed that a clergyman at dinner without any breeches was almost sure to excite remark.'

The completest *déshabille* is obtainable in the tropics. The late Henry Drummond once wrote home from Central Africa that he had nothing on but a helmet and three mosquitoes. Sydney Smith, who was the first man to pray in August for the power to take off his flesh and sit in his bones (a blessed condition, which, on paper at least, has been made possible by Professor Röntgen), described the height of bliss attainable by a Sierra Leone native, to be sitting in one half of a melon, with the other half on his head, eating the pulp.

The opponents of the press ought to bear it in mind that no substitute for clothing is more effective than a newspaper—that

is to say, no sudden substitute. The American enthusiast who recently walked round the world for a wager wore only a copy of the 'New York Herald' until he had amassed, by exhibiting himself, enough money to buy clothes; and now and then come tidings of a party of tourists who have escaped from the attentions of Italian banditti or Hungarian brigands in nothing more substantial than last week's 'Times.' It seems to be established that when in difficulties for clothes the first thought of civilised man is for a newspaper; just as the first thought of primitive man was for a leaf. Not the least funny story in that diverting book, 'Many Cargoes,' tells of a captain who lost his 'cloes at cribbage' and was found the next day by his rescuer 'in a pair of socks and last week's paper.' This, as we have seen, is not a particularly novel position, but what distinguished Captain Bross from his companions in this form of misfortune was his occupation. When discovered he was 'reading the advertisements.' That is true philosophy! There is an old but honourable story of a traveller in Norway who took advantage of a two hours' break in the railway journey to leave the train and climb to the summit of a little hill near enough to the station to enable him to hear the warning bell and of sufficient altitude to command a wide and varied prospect. It was perfect weather, and he sat down on a mound and lost himself in contemplation of the scene. The bell rang, he leaped up, hastened to the station, regained his carriage (of which he was the sole occupant) and the train started again. Very few minutes passed before he was aware that the mound upon which he had been sitting was an ant-hill, that the ants were of a peculiarly savage disposition, and that two or three regiments of them were accompanying him on his journey in order to continue the attack. His course was clear. He pulled off his trousers, and, leaning from the window, shook the ants out on to the line. But at the moment when he was withdrawing the garment the train entered a tunnel so narrow that the trousers were dashed from his hands by the brickwork. He sank back on the seat in blank despair. Not another pair of trousers did he possess; he dared not get out; he was a nervous, self-conscious man; he could speak no Norwegian. In this dilemma he bethought him of his store of papers; and by the time the next station was reached, he had devised a skirt of them. No sooner had the train stopped than he clasped this covering about him firmly with one hand, and opening the door, made a break for the

station master's office. The passengers and officials were aware of the flashing transit of a mystical figure, and that was all. Once in the office, he built a rampart of baggage, and crouching behind it called for some one capable of tackling an Englishman. His troubles were even yet not quite over, for the only interpreter in the place turned out to be the village schoolmistress. The moral of which story is that when we travel we should carry either a change of clothes or a bundle of newspapers.

Of the clothes of women I know little except that the fashions change much too often, and that there seems to be nothing so difficult for a girl to do as to dress in such a way as will please her elder sister.

E. V. LUCAS.

MATERFAMILIAS.

THREE-QUARTERS of a pound of bread crumbs, three-quarters suet, eight eggs. I told her to be careful in weighing, but you can never tell. Last year it fell to pieces before it came to table, and spoiled *my* pleasure for the rest of the dinner. Father used to say that nobody's puddings were like ours, but that was when I made my own. I wish I could have made them this year, but I dared not suggest it. They are so flisty nowadays, these fine servants. Maria would have taken offence at once, and it would never have done to be without her just now with a house full of visitors. . . . It felt like old times to-night, and how happy father looked welcoming them all! He will ruin those boys before the holidays are over. It was the same with our own children; if he was obliged to disappoint them, he was miserable for the rest of the day. Such a tender heart as he has! I never knew a man like him. He has never lost patience with me in all these years, and I have been sharp with him many a time—about such little things! . . . When I have fretted about the children going away and leaving us, one by one, I have remembered his faithful love and been comforted. Nothing else could make up for that. I'm only a plain, uninteresting old woman to the rest of the world, but to him I am always best, always the first—and he is more to me than ten sons. But—I want the children!

. . . If it is a wet day they must all go into the library so that the table can be laid in good time. If the jellies don't turn out properly, I'll have them served in custard glasses with cream whipped on top. Nothing looks worse than broken jellies; but they ought to be good—real calves' feet, and everything of the best. I never had one of those tablets in *my* house, and I never will! . . . Four children, three grandchildren, all of them back beneath the old roof, except—oh, my boy! where are you to-night? What are you doing? You can't go to sleep on Christmas Eve without remembering the old home, and your mother, Robbie—the old mother who tried to make your Christmases happy years ago! . . . Father doesn't say anything, but there is a look on his face I know well. I wake in the night

and hear him sigh. He is getting an old man, and he depended on Rob to help him. He was our first. None of the others were quite the same. . . . I remember the Christmas after he was born as if it were yesterday. Eleven months old, and he sat on his high chair like a prince. He had on the white frock that I worked myself, embroidery up to the waist and down the front of the bodice. William and Ernest wore it too, and then that red-haired Mary let her iron get too hot, and burnt a hole right out. Careless thing! I nearly cried when I saw it. . . . We gave him a Punchinello on the end of a stick, and when he turned it round it played a tune. His little face of astonishment, how sweet it was! How we loved him! . . . If you had died, Rob, it would have been easier; but to know that you are alive, and don't care—that's the hard part; it is that that breaks my heart! . . . Poor lad! Poor lad! You are not happy. . . . I know you are not. . . . It's a rough road. . . . I won't give up hope; it is Christmas Day to-morrow, perhaps his heart may be softened; perhaps he may meet some kind soul who will speak a word for home and the old folks. . . . God bless them, whoever they may be, and let me see him again before I die. . . . I shouldn't like to die before Rob comes back. His brothers might be harsh with him. William is very bitter. He has always been a dutiful boy himself, and he cannot understand such behaviour. . . . How handsome he looked when he arrived to-night, and how prosperous! He must be making a big income I should say by the way they live; but he was always close, and he is worse than ever since his marriage. . . . Emily must have bought a new travelling cloak! Last year she wore a brown one trimmed with fur. It didn't look shabby to me, but she is so extravagant! Five servants now, and only those two children. No wonder Will is getting grey; it must be a strain on him to provide for such a household. When father and I were young we managed with one servant and laid by money for the children's education; but then, as Emily reminded me, I was brought up in different surroundings from hers. . . . It wasn't nice of her to say that—no! it wasn't nice at all. William would not have been pleased if he had heard her, and it isn't the only time; I could say disagreeable things too if I chose. Those poor children are not half warmly enough clothed; it's no wonder they have coughs, and when I was with them I saw many things about the house. . . . Well! well! what does it matter? She

makes William happy, and that's the great thing. I am an old woman, surely I can forgive a few thoughtless words from a young thing like that. She'll learn more sense. . . . I wonder if Hannah remembered to put frilled pillow-cases on her bed. I *shall* be annoyed if she has forgotten, for it is just one of the things Emily would notice. She has all her sheets hem-stitched. . . .

The children are beauties! Eric is the picture of his father at the same age, and what a spirit! He couldn't help breaking the tumbler, poor little man, but it spoils the set. That's eleven of the stars and sixteen of the Grecian border—I must have them made up, for once the sets are broken, there's no check upon the servants. . . . Cecil takes after his mother's family. I love them dearly, but it's a good thing children come while one is young—I couldn't stand the racket for long nowadays.

Ernest looks thin. He doesn't get on, poor boy. It would have been wiser if we had given him his own way and let him go abroad, but we did it for the best. . . . Father says we cannot do more than act upon the light of the moment, and that it is useless grieving over what is irretrievable, but I can't help grieving. The poor lad's cuffs were frayed at the wrists. I saw them, and he used to be such a dandy. . . . Amy has had a hard time! No one would think, to look at her now, what a pretty girl she was when they were married. She has no nurse for the baby, and that is the same dress she wore last year, with new trimmings to freshen it up. Velveteen, I should say by the look of it, not velvet. We must give them a cheque with their Christmas present, but not before the others—they would not like that—just quietly when we are alone. . . . Ernest shall take me in to dinner. I can't help it if Will is offended. I must consider Ernest first. Everyone must be especially kind to him this year. He was always a sensitive child.

Minette and Charlie came last, though they live nearest of all. She planned that, the little rogue! I know her tricks. She was not going to arrive in the character of bride without making sure of her audience; and how pretty she was—a perfect picture in those lovely furs. Father says she is exactly what I was as a girl, but my hair was never so golden. Darling! And Charlie adores her. I ought to be thankful for that marriage, for at one time I was afraid it would be young Sinclair, and he is a wild fellow—she would not have been happy. . . . Her house is prettier than any of the others, but I don't know how she will manage. She

uses the best things every day, and never draws the blinds for the sun. When I say anything she pulls my cap on one side and asks if I remember Aunt Christina's sofa blanket. They all laugh at me about that, but I can't see the joke. It was far too grand for our room, and the red and green stripes made the furniture look shabby, so I put it aside for one of the children, and now none of them will have it. It can't be soiled, for it is wrapped up in the same paper in which it arrived ten years ago, and it's a beautiful thing—there must be pounds of wool in it, not to mention the silk. . . .

. . . Charlie sits next to Emily. I wonder what she will wear! Something very fine, no doubt. I will say for her that she knows how to dress. I wonder which cap I should put on! The one with the pearl drops is the most becoming, but the lace is not real. I'll wear the new one, and let her see that my Brussels is as good as hers. As I said to father, it's no use sparing money when you go to buy lace. Have it good, or not at all. I think I'll give Amy the old Honiton. She has brought presents for everyone, the kind little thing, though she is so shabby herself. She showed me Nell's to-night. Pink silk covers for her cushions! She is going to sew them on in the morning, and they will be on the couch as a surprise for Nell when she is carried down to dinner. The pink will make her look less pale. My precious lamb! A week ago I thought she would not be able to come down, but she has stayed in bed and taken every care. She knew it would spoil our Christmas if she were not among us. Ah! what am I saying? Last year she walked down; this year she must be carried—next year, perhaps— My baby! The last of them all! I can't face it, I can't let her go! I have nursed her night and day for nineteen years, I should have nothing to do if Nellie were not here. . . . And yet to see her grow more and more helpless; to suffer worse pain! Thank God, the choice is not in my hands. He will help me to bear what comes. . . . She would be well and strong, and she has had nothing but suffering here—never any enjoyment like other girls. . . . There are worse troubles than death—much worse. If I could think of Robbie in heaven! Ah! my boy, where are you to-night? What are you doing? Have you forgotten me, Robbie, altogether? . . . Twelve o'clock striking! Father in Heaven, Thy Son's birthday! Hear a mother's prayer. My children! Remember my children!

JESSIE MANSERGH.

MORE HUMOURS OF CLERICAL LIFE.

IN the days when bishops did not require elaborate statistics of numbers in village classes and clubs, when the modern and somewhat ponderous parochial organisation was all but unknown, there was a race of country parsons, whose lives, for all their amusing eccentricities, were remarkable for their straightforward simplicity. One such man it was my fortune as a boy to know. Rector of a small country parish in the Midlands, he had lived among his people a simple, unobtrusive life, which had endeared him to the hearts of those who knew him. Scarcely ever penetrating further than the bounds of his little parish, it can be readily imagined that the outside world left him far behind; and when I first met him he was certainly very remarkable for his eccentric ways. Here is an instance of his unconventional methods of conducting the services. Stained glass windows were unknown in his church, and from the reading-desk could be seen the green fields stretching away to the rectory gates. And so one morning, instead of beginning the service as usual, he announced quite simply: 'As I see my sister, somewhat late, approaching the church through the fields, with your kind leave I shall postpone the commencement of Divine service till her arrival.' In very cold weather he would invite the congregation to come and warm themselves at the stove before leaving the church. Under other conditions of weather his thoughtfulness for the comfort of his flock took a somewhat different form, and at the end of a half-hour's sermon he would sometimes say, 'As the weather is still so inclement, I will, dear friends, lengthen my discourse somewhat, in the hope that it may clear later.' In preaching he had a strange aversion to mentioning the name of any secular author from whom he was quoting. He would say, 'As some one has said, "All the world's a stage,"' &c. Once he and his sister were tempted out to dine with friends some miles distant from the rectory. Wholly unaccustomed to such late hours, the sister slept peacefully in the drawing-room after dinner. 'I fear, madam,' the rector said in his old-fashioned, courtly way, 'that my sister is somewhat somnolent.' On leaving he pressed a sixpence into the hand of one of the guests, it is supposed in mistake for the servant. But the evening's adventures were not even then at an

end; for it was found that the cabdriver had brought a hansom to take them home. Whether the old rector had ever seen such a vehicle before or not, is not known, but on his sister being safely placed inside, he suddenly announced his intention of sitting with his back to the horse, to give his sister more room; the result of this manœuvre in a hansom cab can be better imagined than described. But for all his eccentric ways he had the kindest heart, and though miserably poor, he often would send the little piece of meat which had been cooked for their dinner to some poor person in the parish, while he and his sister dined on bread and cheese. His was a simple, kindly soul, and it is doubtful indeed if the modern clergy, with all our up-to-date systems, will leave the same mark behind, and be held in such revered memory.

Just as one looks back with not a few feelings of regret to the simple ways of some of the old country clergy, so one cannot help recalling with the same regret the kindlier spirit that often obtained in those days between the Church and Dissent, before political animosity had intensified religious differences. In the parish where I lived as a child, the rector and the Dissenting blacksmith were on the best of terms. When 'reunion' was unknown, Christian charity somehow seemed to be better understood. I remember the rector once asking his old friend to venture inside the church to look at the newly decorated chancel. It took a great deal of persuasion to induce the unbending Puritan to do even this. 'Sir,' he said, 'I will have nothing to do with the worship of idols, but I will come this once if you will promise me that nothing painted on them walls is in the likeness of anything in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth.' The walls were decorated with copies of Fra Angelico's angels, and so the rector was able to say, 'Well, Mr. H., I can assure you *I* have never seen anything like them before.' The rector once attempted to hold a prayer meeting at which anyone, who felt so inclined, might offer his prayer. This, however, was quickly dropped when, on one occasion, during the dangerous illness of an eminent public man, the following prayer was offered, 'Spare the life of —, we pray Thee, that he may have time to repent, else we muchly fear he will be numbered among the damned'—a prayer the unctuous pharisaism of which no Christian charity could pass over.

The same parish was remarkable alike for its clerk as for its pew-opener. The clerk, who was a gardener by trade, used to apply his horticultural language to ecclesiastical matters. He

would occasionally speak of 'a nice show of communicants,' as if they were geraniums. One of his duties was to find the lessons before the service commenced. He was fairly good at this except when it came to the turn of the minor prophets. One day he came into the vestry in despair. 'I c-c-can't f-find' (he stammered a good deal) 'th-that there 'abakkuk anywheres'—many, perhaps, would sympathise with him in his difficulty. The pew-opener, who was, as was common then, a woman, used to curtsy to the great folks as she opened the door of their pew. She was a great purist in the matter of language, and, indeed, inclined to be over-particular in the placing of her aspirates! One Christmas time she astonished the ladies who were making wreaths of holly and evergreens, &c., for the decorations by suddenly announcing that she had found 'a stray hen a-laying in the pulpit.' However, the company were reassured when they found that she only meant that she had found the letter N which had 'strayed,' from some Christmas text intended for the church. Speaking of the famous letter H, perhaps its insertion leads to more curious mistakes than even its omission. I remember hearing a churchwarden in one of our large manufacturing towns read in the lesson the following odd statement from the Epistle to the Romans, 'And if children, then hares,' a somewhat strange piece of reasoning. In the same connection, still with reference to the insertion of this much-abused letter, I heard a funny story the other day. There is a village in the eastern counties which rejoices in the name of Haw. A parishioner was asked what he thought of a strange preacher who had been holding a service in the village. 'Well,' he said, 'I liked the gen'leman, 'is tex' were just suited to us folk.' 'Why, what was his text?' 'It were a tex' from the Psalms, "stand in hawe and sin not"—it sounded so 'omely loike.' This reminds me of another story of much the same nature. There is a small hamlet in the midland counties which bears the name of Bartley Green. It was often the custom in the little mission church which had been built there to have a processional hymn, so that the services might be as bright as possible. One of these, the well-known hymn 'Brightly gleams our banner,' was an especial favourite, and was before long partly learned even by those who were unable to read. One of these latter was at last heard to give a reason for his affection for the hymn. 'It's so nice,' he said, 'to 'ave our own special 'ymn; I don't rightly mind it all like, but it does my 'eart good to sing "Bartley Green's our banner."'

In the matter of the choice of texts, a curious thing happened to

a curate, whom I knew, on his return from his wedding tour. He only reached home on Saturday evening, when he found a letter from his vicar asking him to preach the next morning, as he knew he had a sermon, not yet preached in the parish, which would fit in with the Advent course of sermons then being given. The sermon was on the Parable of the Ten Virgins. The curate, who preached written sermons, did not look at this particular one till the next morning, half an hour before service, when to his horror he found that his text was, 'Behold the bridegroom cometh,' and indeed this was the constant refrain of the sermon. It was too late to change, and so he put the best face he could upon it. The congregation may have forgotten the sermon, but they have not forgotten the text.

There is certainly no place like a slum parish to discover the most hopeless ignorance. I once overheard a very odd conversation carried on at the door of my lodgings between a street Arab and my landlady. 'Well, what do you want?' 'I wants the p'liceman,' said the boy. 'There ain't no p'liceman lives here,' was the reply. 'Not the p'liceman at Thomas's?' (that was the name of the church minus the prefix 'Saint'). 'No; but the curate at St. Thomas's lives here, if it's him you want.' 'Well,' persisted the boy, 'does 'e christen babbies?' 'Oh, yes.' 'Then 'e's to come down to 3 'ouse, 5 Court, — Street, and christen our babby.' One hopes that the general conduct of the clergy did not lead all boys to look upon us as policemen, but I rather suspect that the only person in authority of whom this boy knew anything was the 'Bobby.' Certainly, when I did arrive at the above address, a more miserable abode it has never been my lot to enter. The mother was lying on the floor covered with a few clothes and rags, and not one stick of furniture in the whole room. However, a neighbour had lent a bowl of water for the baptism. Here is an instance of the strange callousness which poverty begets. I once had to go and question a woman as to the age of her child. 'Well,' she said, 'I don't rightly mind 'ow old she be, for I 'ad two or three died about that time, and I've got a bit mixed like.' One Christmas time I was visiting a man who was dying of old age. Coming downstairs after seeing him, I said to the woman with whom he was lodging, 'He looks very bad; I don't think he will last much longer.' 'O, 'e'll last another week-end,' she replied; 'they do say as they mostly goes out with the old year'—a curious result, surely, of our arbitrary method of counting time. Certainly education has still much to do even in these advanced days.

Especially is this the case with regard to the definition of words. A carpenter, who was doing some work for me, was admiring a carved oak chair in my study. 'It's not unlike one in the Town 'all,' he said, 'except, of course, yourn is 'clesiastical loike; least-wise this' (pointing to an undraped female figure on the chair-back) 'is a goddess'—a wholly novel definition of ecclesiastical.

Speaking of this, some of the ideas held with regard to ecclesiastical matters are as funny as they are extraordinary, though they cause one to reflect on the methods adopted by the Church and the various religious bodies. A woman came to me one day to say she wanted her daughter to be confirmed. 'Mr. —,' she said, 'from the chapel over the way, 'as been a-trying to convert 'er, but I pretty soon told him what I thought 'bout it. I ses to 'im, "I'll 'ave my gal confirmed, but I won't 'ave 'er converted, so now you know. I don't b'lieve in conversion."' What the minister said or thought of this truly marvellous statement of doctrine I don't know. I trust he did not use it at future liberation meetings as an awful example of the false teaching of the Established Church.

The monograms I H S and X P C, which are so often to be seen in our churches, sorely puzzle a portion of the congregation, a larger proportion, I am inclined to think, than is generally supposed. A certain vicar, soon after his arrival in the parish, placed a new cloth upon the altar, upon the centre of which was embroidered a large cross. Such strong opposition was raised to this symbol of our Christianity, that the vicar gave way before the storm and had the initials I H S substituted. A parishioner who was not at all in favour of the change, on being asked the meaning of the letters, replied, 'Why, don't you know what it means? It means, "I Hope you're Satisfied."'

People are often accused of telling a real old 'Joe Miller' and deliberately localising it. I honestly believe that accusation to be not infrequently wholly false, and that the same story does occur over and over again. A good instance of this happened to me not long ago. I had occasion to call on a lady whose temperance views were as strong as was her dislike of the Church. At once she asked if I was a teetotaller, and my confession that I belonged to the much-abused class of moderate drinkers brought down a storm upon my devoted head. In the course of my defence I quoted St. Paul's advice to Timothy, 'Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake.' Now, everyone knows the joke about the reply—a story as old as the hills; but my teetotal friend made the famous answer in perfect good faith and in anything but a spirit of joking, 'I

am surprised that you, a clergyman, don't know that Paul was speaking of wine for outward application only.' And not only this, but the good lady proceeded to defend her peculiar interpretation. There was an old woman I knew who used to say that nothing did her so much good as Queen Anne (quinine), especially when she had the headache or the toothache. After these two instances I am not quite so ready to charge others with deliberately attaching old stories to themselves and localising them.

Children's answers are always a fruitful source of amusement. A girl fifteen or sixteen years old, who had received what was supposed to be a good education, was describing to me her recent visit to the Tower of London. Among the many wonders she had seen was a sword given to Henry VIII. by Max Müller, an amusing though not altogether unnatural substitute for the Emperor Maximilian. If children are allowed to think for themselves, their answers are amusingly original. 'What do you think makes the sea salt?' was a question put to a national school class. A brilliant idea struck a boy. 'Please, sir, the 'errings.' It makes one thirsty to even think of the saltiness of the bloaters with which that boy was acquainted.

But if some of the people one meets are amusing, not a few of the scenes one is called upon to witness are both grotesque and terrible. An old man had been ill for months, but clung to life with that wonderful pertinacity which is so common with old people. He was, of course, a great burden to his two daughters, who had to nurse him and at the same time earn their own bread. One day, on being asked how the old man was, one of the daughters, even while she stood by the bed, announced, 'E's just the same, 'e *is* such a time a-dying. I wish 'e'd 'urry up a bit, it's s' awk'ard for me and my sister, with our other work to do.' It was terrible enough to see natural feeling all but destroyed by poverty, but there was something truly awful in the scene when the old man gasped out from the bed, 'I *am* a-making 'aste, ain't I? I'm sure I've no call to want to live.'

This gives a glimpse of the other and darker side of clerical life, which would indeed be hopeless were it not for the ever-sustaining desire to bring light and comfort into the lives of our fellow-men. One is thankful also to be able sometimes to appreciate the lighter side of life and the humour with which at times even the worst tragedies are mercifully relieved.

STEWART F. L. BERNAYS,

THE LOSS OF THE 'PHILIP HERBERT'

It is a true remark that Englishmen have forgotten as much of their naval history as would make the reputation of a lesser nation; and there is a certain spendthrift grandeur about this carelessness which of itself bears witness eloquently to the vast riches of our country in past deeds of glory. We can afford to neglect the crumbs and remnants, yet it is well occasionally to make sure that we have not let any deeds slip into oblivion which were better remembered.

A tiny volume printed in Paris in 1693, and now growing rare, contains the story of a sea fight which well deserves the fame which the caprice of history has denied it. In May 1690, a squadron of six French ships of war, under the command of Duquesne, son of the famous sea captain of that name, was lying at Mohilla, between the northern point of Madagascar and the mainland, when the news came that an English ship was at Amjouam, a trading station twenty miles away.

Duquesne got his ships under way at once; but the winds were light, and two days were occupied in running down to Amjouam. Late on the second afternoon the land surrounding the anchorage came in sight, and shortly afterwards the roadstead lay open, and the French could see a large vessel lying at anchor close to the shore, with the white puff of smoke from two guns which she fired to call her crew on board when she saw the stranger ships approaching.

The sun was already sinking low, and Duquesne ordered every stitch of canvas to be set, in order that he might be able to attack the solitary ship before the fall of night gave her a chance of escape. The fleet came on under Dutch colours, a trick which betrayed the English captain into making no effort to get away. The *Écueil* outsailed the other ships of the French squadron, and when she came within a short distance of the Englishman she lowered her Dutch flag, though without hoisting another in its place. This act aroused suspicion. The English captain hailed, 'What ship is that?' The reply came in Dutch, asking him to send a boat on board. The boat was lowered, and the captain was about to step into it, when a few of his sailors, who had been reconnoitring the strangers in another boat, cried out that it was a

French ship. The captain stepped back, the order to stand to the guns ran quickly round, and the *Écueil* seeing that her imposture was discovered, cast out an anchor alongside, and with loud shouts of 'Vive le roi!' 'Vive France!' poured her broadside into the doomed vessel, followed by a withering fire of musketry.

The shock of this surprise did not startle the Englishmen out of their self-possession or resource. There were no such things as 'peaceful' traders in those days, at least in Eastern waters; and the English ship—her name was the *Philip Herbert*, of London—was as well equipped for fighting as many a modern cruiser, proportionately to the fashion of her time. Five guns, which may have been the only ones trained on the enemy, roared out defiance of the French, and at the same moment the order was given to weigh anchor. The next discharge from the *Écueil*, however, shattered the windlass, and stretched twenty-two men on the deck, whereupon the Englishmen cut their cable and hoisting the top-sails got under sail.

By this time the *Gaillard*, Duquesne's flagship, was within range, and the English captain, seeing the four remaining vessels of the French squadron closing fast around him, must have perceived that, speaking humanly, he had no chance whatever of escape. The wind was so light that the ship made hardly any way; yet, making the most of what there was, he executed the manœuvre of a bold and skilful seaman, and laid the *Philip Herbert* between the *Gaillard* and the *Écueil*, thus making it difficult for either of them to fire on him without serious danger of injuring her consort, while he poured his shot into each impartially. This position, however, could not be long maintained. The *Philip Herbert* shot slightly ahead, and the English captain ordered his men to restrain their fire, hoping that in the darkness which was now falling rapidly they might slip past the enemy and gain the open sea, if not first crippled or dismasted.

Duquesne appears to have been sensible that this was not a groundless hope, and resolving, as we must suppose, to shake the nerves of his plucky adversary he ordered the firing to cease, and hailing himself in English declared that if the captain of the *Philip Herbert* did not strike his colours, he would hang him to his own yardarm.

It is a Frenchman, and a follower of Duquesne, who records the utterance of this atrocious threat; in which it is charitable

to suppose we ought to see rather an evidence of the exceptional ferocity with which these battles for the Oriental trade were fought than any high degree of barbarity in Duquesne. However this may be, the English captain took the only proper course, and deigned no answer save in round shot, of which his whole broadside crashed into the flagship before Duquesne had well done speaking, thereby winning the admiration of the French—so our 'Garde de la Marine' tells us—for his hopeless gallantry.

Never had a captain and his crew more need of gallantry. The French flagship lay on one quarter, the *Écueil* on the other, at so short a distance that the yardarms of the three vessels grazed each other, and so poured in the hottest fire they could maintain, a fire so heavy, indeed, that the 'Garde de la Marine' assures us that the *Philip Herbert* was crippled by it, and must have lost half her crew. Yet, he adds, with a puzzled admiration, that for all this loss the English did not seem dismayed, nor did he hear a single cry for quarter. On the contrary, all the English wanted was an opportunity of boarding one or other of their enemies; but this they could not obtain, being, perhaps, already too much damaged in spars and rigging to manœuvre with effect. So with undiminished courage our men fought their two powerful adversaries for a full hour, when the remaining four ships of the French squadron came within range, and closing round the *Philip Herbert* poured in shot upon her from every gun which they could bring to bear. Still the English showed no sign of flinching, though the 'Garde de la Marine' testifies that their gunnery at this stage of the fight was getting a little wild, as well it might in the confusion of a combat with six enemies at once. It had grown very dark. The jets of fire coming in quick succession and the perpetual hissing of balls through the night air were the only indications of the position of the ships. To avoid confusion Duquesne ordered each of his captains to show two torches on the poop; but these signals were no sooner displayed than men counted seven of them. The English captain was a resourceful man, and had sailed the seas too long to be made the victim of so simple a device.

It was about eleven o'clock. The fight had raged for three hours, and the capture of the *Philip Herbert* seemed no nearer than at first. She had made no reply to the last few broadsides; and Duquesne, convinced that nothing more could be done until daylight, sent a boat round the squadron with orders that firing

should cease, and that the men should be allowed to rest. How sorely rest was needed on the *Philip Herbert* we shall never know, but we may imagine that the Londoners saw death too near them to be inclined for sleep.

Meantime the crew of the *Écueil* had been startled by the sound of a voice crying from the sea—‘*A moi, Français, à moi !*’ and rightly surmising that the cry was that of some fugitive from the English ship, they lowered a boat, and picked up a young French sailor, who had been a captive on the *Philip Herbert*, and had cast himself overboard in the confusion of the fight, trusting to the slender chance of being able to gain the squadron of his countrymen. From this fellow the French obtained their only direct information about the ship which had fought them with such unexpected and reckless gallantry. She was, as already stated, from London, pierced for sixty-four guns, and actually carrying fifty-four, with a crew of two hundred and fifty men and about eighty passengers, among whom was a rich English banker, accompanied by his wife, his daughter, a beautiful girl of twenty, and two little sons. What interested the French more than these family details was the intelligence that the rich banker had with him no less than forty thousand crowns in silver ; and indeed, everything which they heard from the fugitive about the vessel, which they already looked on as their prize, raised the most golden visions before their eyes. The *Philip Herbert* was laden, it appeared, with gold lace and scarlet cloth, with beaver, tobacco, canary wine, and, above all, a very large sum in coined money, destined for the payment of troops in India, who were said to have received no pay for four years.

‘*Quand on prend du galon,*’ says a French proverb which Duquesne’s men may have remembered on this eventful night, ‘*on n’en saurait trop prendre ;*’ and indeed there was enough to justify a good deal of exultation on the part of the French, who not inexcusably counted the goods as theirs already. Here at the first blow was compensation for the weary voyage, and an earnest of the golden harvest which was to come. But the simple fellows forgot that the very richness of the prize which attracted them so strongly might make the English resolute not to be taken. In fact, before the night was over they had learned more about the character of English sailors than they seem to have known when the fight began.

So the ships lay motionless through hour after hour of dark-

ness, broken only by the flaring torches on the poops, and more rarely by a spit of fire and the roar of cannon, as the English gunners, wearying of inactivity, sent a broadside in the direction of their enemies, after which all was dark and silent as before. One may imagine with what fierce restlessness the English spent the hours of waiting, trapped and doomed as they were beyond all help unless a wind sprang up. The air was absolutely still; there was no motion among the sails or cordage; and the *Philip Herbert* lay like a log on the water, waiting for the moment when her enemies chose to administer the *coup de grâce*.

About two o'clock a little waft of wind was felt, and the English, spreading sail silently, endeavoured to steal away. But the French were keeping careful watch, and the English captain, finding that they followed and still surrounded him, took the desperate resolution that it was time to make an end—prompted, as we need not doubt, by a patriotic determination that so valuable a ship as that which he commanded should not fall into the hands of the French. And apart from the importance of keeping a great advantage out of the hands of the enemy, was it not better for him and his men to perish gloriously by their own act than to be drowned like rats on the following morning when their ship was sunk, as she must be on the resumption of the action, or perhaps even to die by the more disgraceful death which Duquesne had threatened?

And so the French, triumphing in having prevented the last effort of the *Philip Herbert* to escape, were startled by a red glare which shot up suddenly across the blackness of the night. A vast column of smoke illumined by tongues of flickering flame towered up from the deck of the *Philip Herbert*, showing the astonished Frenchmen that the Londoners had preferred the most terrible of all deaths, because by that alone they could maintain their own honour and the prestige of England. The sight was an awful one. Ere long the *Philip Herbert* was completely enveloped in fire. The French sailors watched in awe-struck silence their late enemies climbing up the highest peaks of the rigging to escape the flames as long as possible; but they seem to have made no effort to save any fugitives. It was a long agony. The *Philip Herbert* burned for three hours before the flames reached the magazine, when a sudden explosion hurled into the air whatever remnants of humanity remained on that proud and goodly ship. The next morning, when day broke, the French lowered their

boats to see if any wreckage of value could be secured; but they found only charred masses of tobacco and an infinite number of corks floating over the spot where so many brave men had passed out of life carrying their honour with them.

Some time after the fire broke out on the *Philip Herbert* the French declare that a boat put off from her and made its way to land. This is probable enough, for there were women and children on the English ship, and what seems to have been the only boat available would naturally be used to put them in a place of safety. But the French story is that this boat contained the captain, who thus saved himself by a base flight from the awful death reserved for his crew and passengers. Now in common fairness a charge so atrocious ought not to be brought without strong evidence, especially against a captain whose conduct up to that moment had been all that was most admirable. In this case there is no evidence at all. The night was dark. The boat was not stopped. How could the French possibly know who were the fugitives? The countrymen of this brave sailor—whose name has not come down to us—will decline to believe that his heroism deserted him at the supreme moment; and will not doubt that the boat contained the rich banker with his wife and children.

Such is the story of the *Philip Herbert*—one of the many glorious incidents of their past history which Englishmen have been content to forget. Yet in the telling of even so old a tale there should lie some stimulus to emulation; and it will be well for that nation whose children interpret their duty towards her in her hour of peril as faithfully and bravely as those long-forgotten Londoners of two hundred years ago.

A. H. NORWAY.

PAGES FROM A PRIVATE DIARY.

October 4th.—The old debate between the advantages of a town and country life could not but incline, one must think, to the latter when the season comes round for planting and replanting. And yet I do not know that those who have handled the question in poem or essay have made anything of this most important factor in it; which helps to persuade one that the whole problem is academic, and that the writers on both sides have composed their eclogues in Fleet Street. The only reference I recollect even in Marvell comes in the couplet

Transplanting flowers from the green hill
To crown her head and bosom fill—

which looks as if the word 'transplanting' bore no real significance to him. I suppose the old 'formal' garden when once made left little scope for improvement. Cowley would have sung these joys in Pindaric strain had he but known them, but he sadly confesses in dedicating his great garden poem to Evelyn, 'I stick still in the inn of a hired house and garden, among weeds and rubbish, and without the pleasantest work of human industry, the improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) our own.' And in the next century Gray takes up the same lament, writing to Norton Nicholls: 'And so you have a garden of your own, and you plant and transplant, and are dirty and amused; are not you ashamed of yourself? Why, I have no such thing, you monster; nor ever shall be either dirty or amused as long as I live! My gardens are in the window like those of a lodger up three pair of stairs in Petticoat Lane or Camomile Street, and they go to bed regularly under the same roof that I do: dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one's own garden, and sit on a bench in the open air with a fountain, and a leaden statue, and a rolling stone, and an arbour!' (June 24, 1769).

That is so often what happens: the singers, the Cowleys and Grays, lack experience, and those who have experience cannot sing. This year the rage for improvement has set in with more than common severity, owing to the publication of a very delight-

ful book on gardening, by Mrs. Earle, called 'Pot-pourri from a Surrey Garden.' I first heard of it one day at breakfast in the following manner. Eugenia began, 'Wouldn't it be nice to make a Dutch garden in the middle of our lawn?' I was so much taken aback by this outlandish proposal that I forbore to deprecate the slang use of the word 'nice' and could only repeat 'a Dutch Garden?' 'Yes,' said Eugenia; 'you sink a wall four or five feet all round it, and lay it out with beds and nice tiled walks, and have steps down on each side, and a fountain in the middle and a few statues, and plant tea-roses against the wall——' 'Stop,' I cried, 'for mercy's sake; may I ask if you have made an estimate of the probable cost of this Dutch paradise? *Imprimis*, bricklayer; shall we make the enclosure twenty yards square and six feet high? That will come, with bricks at 30 shillings a thousand, to about 25*l.*, and then time at 6½*d.* an hour—— But dare I ask, first, whence this Batavian inspiration?' And then I heard of Mrs. Earle, and how she had pronounced against lawns. Nothing more was said for a week and I hoped the infection would pass, but it had bitten too deep; and seeing the book lying in every house I visited, and seeing, too, the furrowed brows of most fathers of families, I had serious thoughts of becoming a second Lord George Gordon and starting a 'No Pot-pourri' riot. Then I, too, had an inspiration. 'Why,' I said, 'copy the Dutch? If the lawn is too large for croquet under new rules, why not make at the end of it a bowling-green, or rather a *boulingrin*, as it used to be called? You will save your bricklayer's bill, as the sides are sloped and turfed; and you will have the satisfaction of doing something a trifle more original than your neighbours. The fountain must wait till water will run up hill; but I know of a nose-less stone bust in a curiosity shop that will do for a garden god just as well as for Marcus Aurelius, whose name it now bears.' So it was agreed, and I lent Eugenia from the library James's translation of le Blond's book,¹ which is full of the most

¹ 'The Theory and Practice of Gardening: wherein is fully handled all that relates to fine gardens, commonly called pleasure gardens, consisting of Parterres, Groves, Bowling-Greens, &c.; containing several plans and general dispositions of gardens, new designs of parterres, groves, grass-plots, mazes, banqueting-rooms, galleries, portico's, and summer-houses of arbour-work, terrasses, stairs, fountains, cascades, and other ornaments of use in the decoration and embellishment of Gardens, &c., &c., by Le Sieur Alexander Le Blond. Done from the late edition printed at Paris by John James of Greenwich. 1728.' Amongst the advertisements at the end of the book is one worth copying: 'England's newest way in all sorts

elaborate plates of formal gardens. I took the opportunity last night, when the ladies had retired, to borrow Mrs. E.'s precious volume, and I have found much in it that seems to me true, much that is arguable, and much that, though true, I hold it not discreet to have thus set down, such as the advice to buy second-hand furniture. Why drive good taste into a mere fashion, and so quadruple the price of pretty things for those who can appreciate them? There was a time when silver of a good pattern could be bought cheap because it was old; now it is dear for the same reason, just because old silver has become fashionable. So with old Sheffield plate. So with old furniture. I deeply offended some young friends the other day by saying of a very beautiful piece of Chippendale in their new-furnished house, 'Why, that must have cost ten pounds,' when it had cost twenty; so much have prices risen since I furnished. How well I recollect the horror of the new domestics when what little furniture we had arrived after our marriage! The Persian rugs were sent up to the servants' bedrooms; and the housemaid at once gave warning, on the ground, as she told a fellow-servant, that 'there was not a stick in the house that wasn't secondhand.' I remember also, though it is nothing to the point, my old aunt's paying her first call, and saying to Sophia, 'Now, my dear, I am sure there are many things you must want in coming to a new house, so I will give you—a list of reliable charwomen.'

I discovered further in Mrs. E.'s book the authority for a dish that has suddenly made its appearance on all tables about here—green tomatoes. Most outdoor tomato plants at this season have many fruits that there is not heat enough to ripen, and, it seems, Mrs. Earle has discovered a way to treat them. Cooked according to her prescription, they taste something like an artichoke. In the receipt for brandy cherries, I should substitute sugar-candy for sugar—a decided improvement. It is very generous of this good lady to give jaded housekeepers the benefit of her experience,

of Cookery, Pastry, and all Pickles that are fit to be used. Adorned with Copper Plates. Setting forth the Manner of placing Dishes upon Tables. And the newest Fashion of Mince Pies. By *Henry Howard*, Free-Cook of *London*, and late Cook to his Grace the Duke of *Ormond*, and since to the Earl of *Salisbury*, and Earl of *Winchelsea*. To which are added the best Receipts for making Cakes, Mackroons, Biskets, Gingerbread, *French-Bread*; as also for preserving, conserving, candying and drying Fruits; Confectioning and making of Creams, Syllabubs, and Marmalades of several Sorts. Likewise Additions of Beautifying Waters and other Curiosities; as also above fifty new Receipts are added. Which renders the whole Work compleat. Price 2s. 6d.'

instead of amusing herself, like some literary ladies, with rummaging impossible receipts out of ancient tomes. I shall never forget how once, in early days of literary enthusiasm, I had a carp dressed after Walton's recipe for chub. I believe it was relished in the kitchen, where taste is about a couple of centuries behind the dining-room. And that reflection recalls the memory of an amusing anecdote of travel. Some friends while staying at a Swiss hotel were given a pudding with rum sauce. One mouthful was more than enough for them, but the servants ate heartily and were very ill. That is the first act. The second act, which synchronises with the first, is the rage and grief of the male of the party for the disappearance from his chamber of a new and large bottle of bay rum. The solution of the plot is obvious. The bottle found its way mysteriously back again nearly empty.

5th.—An autograph list, come by post, advertises a letter of G. H. Lewes's, written in 1871, proposing to have texts from the works of George Eliot hung up in schoolrooms and railway-stations 'in lieu of the often preposterous bible texts thus hung up and neglected.' Oh, those ages of simple faith, the early seventies!—how they are gone, never to return! The same list, with a fine tolerance, catalogues a sermon by White of Selborne on 'Repentance,' which is marked as having been preached thirty-one times. There is also what is styled a 'telegram sent by Tennyson' to his publisher; but surely this must mean the telegram received by the publisher, which would be in the clerk's autograph. A repulsive item in the catalogue, which at best cannot help being somewhat ghoulish, is a collection of letters by Mr. Ruskin. Surely Mr. Ruskin should not yet be sold as mummy.

6th.—I have been roaming the countryside in search of a suitable house for ——. How few have answered the agents' description! Even when I have been assured that the house had certain conveniences, I have found them lacking. 'Has it a south aspect?' I would inquire; and would find that what looked south was the larder! One beautiful old house attracted me greatly, and I wondered it had been so long without a tenant, till on reaching the basement, in the room beneath the dining-room, the venerable housekeeper lifted up a board and said with pride, 'And here is the cess-pool; it must be hundreds of years old.' I was much struck with the excellence of the roads about Culham and Abingdon, an excellence due in the main to the piety of the

district in keeping up toll-gates. Our fathers thought it right that those who used the roads should pay for them in some sort of proportion to their use; the modern notion is to let the squires and parsons pay for everything. 'Tax, tax tergo meo erit,' cries the modern ratepayer; he cannot add 'non curo.' I have taken what opportunities offered on my journey of seeing any famous houses in the neighbourhood. Shaw House, by Newbury, where King Charles was shot at while making his toilet, has exquisite gables. With Ufton Court I was a little disappointed; the middle part of the house, including the hall with its beautiful ceiling, is occupied by the forester to the estate, and only one of the wings is a dwelling-house; but its present tenant has deserved well of lovers of antiquity by an admirable book upon the house and manor. Its interest for literature is that Pope describes it in his letters, and that it was the home of his Belinda, Arabella Fermor. Bramshill is a beautiful and perfect example of a Jacobean mansion. In the descriptive volume put together by the father of the present owner is a dunning letter from the contractor to the Lord Zouch who built it, which shows that human nature, both in Lords and Commons, keeps to its types. It is written with bated breath and whispering humbleness, not without a shrewd sting in the tail:—

'TO THE R^T HONBLE THE LORD ZOUCHE LORD WARDEN OF THE
'CINQ PORTS & ONE OF HIS MA^{TIES} PRIVIE COUNCELL.

'The humble petition of Thomas Selby.

'Humble shewing to your Lordshipp that your petitioner hath wrought dyv^{res} peeces of worke for your Lordshipp & the last peece of worke held your petitioner on worke 16 weekes, during which tyme your Petitioner borded himself. The stuffe belonging to the worke cost 20 markes for which your honor yet oweth your petitioner and for which your petitioner is yet indebted to dyvers men who seek daylie to arrest your said petitioner for the same, soe that for feare he cannot perform any busynes whereby to get his livinge beeing restrayned of libertie to his utter undoinge. The stuffe with your petitioner's labor came to xxij^{li} as by a particular noate on the other side, which your petitioner (for your better satisfaccion) haith sent your Lordshipp, which specifieth all the moneyes that your petitioner haith received, the last receipt was ten pounds, six pounds whereof was for dyvers other workes

done about the house, as by a bill appeareth, and the four pounds was taken in part of your petitioner's bill of xxij pounds.

'Maie it thirfore please your good Lordshipp in comiserating your poore servaunt for that xvij^{li} that remaynes of your petitioners bill due to your saide petitioner three yeares and half. That it would please your good Lordshipp to give order for your petitioners satisfaccion, & your petitioner shall be ever bound to pray for your honors prosperous health & happines longe to continew.

'From the Ould Jury in London
'the xxiiij Januarii 1619'

Then follows :

'My Lord . . . I humblie beseech your good Lordshipp not to be offended with mee in taking of this course, for this three years I have weighted with petitions after your Lordshipp for my money, and none of your gentlemen would take my petition to your Lordshipp nor suffer my admittance unto you & for want of my mony I am utterly undone. Therefore I humblie beseech your honor that I may have my money or that your Lordshipp will send unto my Mr Mr Thomas Capp in the old Jury and let him understand your Lordshipp's pleasure; if your Lordshipp should not paie me my necessitie is such that I must petition to the Kinge, and send your Lordshipp a Privie Seale; beseeching your Lordshipp to render my needes, and be noe way offended wth me for seekinge of my owne.'

11th.—Dinner conversation in October has a way of repeating itself from year to year. There is the discussion as to which birds taste the better, wild or maize-fed; there is the various descant on the lamentation 'up goes a guinea and down comes half a crown;' and there is the speculation whence the local butcher procures his excellent supply of game. To the last discussion those who stand and wait could contribute a few interesting particulars, for every local poacher is thoroughly well known. My man William, for example, tells me he saw a rag and bone man heavily laden with fattish rabbit-skins about 4.30 this morning, as he was meditating at his window, 'but it was none of his business.' As a rule, the local ne'er-do-wells do no more than act as guides to the gangs that come over from the county town. I was much struck to-day by a sharp contrast

between the manners of East and West in regard to hospitality. When my friend — was in Turkey, he saw a man feeding his turkeys; and while he was so engaged, a flock of wild turkeys came down to feed too. The man drove them into a shed. 'What shall you do with them?' asked my friend; 'kill them?' 'Kill them?' said the man; 'they are my guests. In the morning I shall feed them and let them go.' To-day a hunted hare took refuge in a cottage here, where it was presently jugged. I am far from blaming the cottager; I wish but to note the contrast. The Western word 'guest,' philologers tell us, is connected with 'hostis.'

Cf. Bacon: 'The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man; insomuch that if it issue not towards men it will take unto other living creatures; as it is seen in the Turks, a cruel people, who nevertheless are kind to beasts, and give alms to dogs and birds; insomuch as, Busbechius reporteth, a Christian boy in Constantinople had like to have been stoned for gagging in a waggishness a long-billed fowl' (*Of Goodness and Goodness of Nature*).

13th.—X., an old college friend of mine, came down a fortnight since from Saturday to Monday, and we found him a very pleasant companion. He had a way of conversing easily on most subjects, and (what is even more interesting) of making one converse easily oneself. In the small hours, over a pipe, I found myself telling him many anecdotes of my past life—adventures by sea and land, money losses, bereavements, and what not. But since that day I am nervous of opening a journal. I find my anecdotes in the evening papers, my spiritual experience distilled into sonnets for the *Weekly Observer*, my political reflections clothed in thunder in the *Daily Phonograph*. My friend's friends should be worth to him not less than five hundred pounds a year; but he must be continually enlarging his circle, to allow for shrinkage.

The newspapers are full of the Church Congress. I once went to a congress before the heyday in the blood was tame and waited upon the judgment, but I have never repeated the experiment, as I wish to think well of the clergy. Is it or is it not an argument against Socialism that people show badly in groups, especially professional groups? 'The merriment of parsons' is certainly, as Dr. Johnson found it, 'mighty offensive;' but so is a meeting of county gentlemen to protest against sacerdotal tyranny. I

suppose, too, between a syndicate of employers and a trades-union there is not a pennyweight to choose for the nasty things they will do and say. And we all know 'the poor in a lump' is bad.'

Hear the modern mystic: 'Ils sont là, rassemblés n'importe où; et lorsqu'ils se trouvent réunis, sans qu'on sache pourquoi, il semble que leur premier soin soit de fermer d'abord les grandes portes de la vie. Chacun d'eux cependant, lorsqu'il était seul, a vécu plus d'une fois selon son âme. . . . Quand ils sont ensemble ils aiment à s'enivrer de choses basses. Ils ont je ne sais quelle peur étrange de la beauté; et plus ils sont nombreux, plus ils en ont peur.'

My sister has gone to the Women's Conference. I do not know how ladies bear the test of union, though I have heard tales of merciful individuals becoming members of a Sweating Committee. Charlotte tells me the platform is a fine revealer of character. Your merely pretty and attractive person dwindles there into insignificance, while your really great woman doffs her cloak of commonplace and shines in her true brightness.

15th.—My friend the drummer-boy in Alexandria has written me another letter, a part of which is worth transcribing:—

'Dear Sir, I will write a few lines to you hoping you are quite well as it leaves me quite well. We have had 2 deaths in two days I play cricket for my Company for the shield or cup I can play a good bat now and boals I enjoy myself every day in cricket. The other night one of the Companies munitied they broke all the winders lamps basins and plates and Every think they could get hold of and stayed in the room with fixed bayonets if the guard was to come and have them in prison then the regiment was ordered out of bed and prade with fixed bayonets and surrendered¹ the hut and kept them in to they surrendered that was 2 a'clock in the morning. The regiment goes to Cario October 4th it is very hot here. One of the men shot a niger boy for throwing stones at the winders and killed him he was let off for it I am 5 ft 6 inchs now. I always sleap out side the room nearly on the sea beach to cool'

16th.—More 'Pot-pourri.' While 'doing' my Michaelmas accounts this morning, I found that the butter book (for we use Tom's dairy) was half as much again as last quarter, and the reason given by the responsible Eugenia is that Mrs. Earle protests against

¹ ? Surrounded,

economy in butter. On referring to the passage, I find that she suggests instead an economy in meat, and I pointed this out to E.; but the butcher's book shows no proportionate diminution. This has led me to reflect how much more infectious extravagance is than economy. I can recollect some half-dozen pronouncements of various people in favour of expansion in this or that direction, and not one in favour of retrenchment. I suppose we shamefacedly keep our economies to ourselves. An intimate and impecunious friend told me he said to his wife on their wedding-day, 'Now, however closely we have to cut things, we will not try to save in the washing-bill.' Another friend cautioned me seriously as a young man against reading penny papers instead of the *Times*. A pious old clergyman once said to me, 'I have noticed that some people spend much brain power before every journey in making up their mind whether to travel by first or second class. The best rule is always to go first.' My aunt warned me, when I began to collect, never to buy cracked china or imperfect books. And it was one of my father's commonplaces that one must drink sound wine and smoke good cigars. Now, I have found all these counsels fruitful in my own experience. On the other hand, one has to invent one's own economies, and I have not got much further than to use a wax taper instead of matches, to buy my coals in the summer and stack them for winter, never to be photographed, and to take in the threepenny edition of Bradshaw instead of the sixpenny.

My father's dictum about sound wine comes the more readily to memory as I was dining last evening with a teetotaler who regards wine as poison, and, I am bound to say, acts up to his theory. He should at least dispense it in medicine glasses. I have no prejudice against teetotalers. We have a very flourishing (so-called) 'temperance society' in the village, and the result is seen in the increased comfort of the cottagers. I used sometimes to show my interest in the cause by taking the chair at a meeting now and then, but I have given it up since ladies have begun to appear on platforms; for ladies recognise no rules of the game. In the middle of a passionate address they think it not indecent to appeal to the chairman to set a good example by taking the pledge. At the last meeting I attended, a lady speaker, the wife of a clergyman, told how her husband used always before his evening service to eat an egg beaten up with brandy, which made him bilious; but since he had left off this drunken habit, he had also left off his

bilious attacks. This was more than old B. could stand, for he roared out, 'Twere the egg, marm, what made he bilious. You tell your mister to take t' brandy wi'out un.' One of the villagers at this meeting made a mysterious speech, in which he gave as his reason for taking the pledge, that there was only in a pint of beer as much goodness as would lie on a shilling. I have one story that I used to keep in lavender for these occasions; I had it of the doctor. When he was walking the hospitals, there was a brewer's drayman who had broken his leg, and in six weeks the bone had not set. So they questioned him about his diet. 'Was he accustomed to drink beer?' 'Yes, a little.' 'About how much?' 'Oh, not more than three gallons a day.' So they allowed him a couple of quarts, and the leg began to mend at once.

22nd.—The new Professor of Geology at Oxford found some kind words to say in his inaugural lecture about Dr. Plot, who wrote the natural histories of Oxfordshire and Staffordshire. The latter is sought by collectors for the beautiful plans of the great houses in the county, but the work itself is far above contempt. It proves the good doctor to have been a curious observer. He has recorded, for example, instances of the now common practice of lip-reading by deaf people:

'But I have more wonderful passages relating to *women* than any of these yet to declare, whereof the first and strangest is of one *Mary Woodward* of *Hardwick* in the parish of *Sandon*, who loosing her hearing at about 6 years of age, by her extraordinary ingenuity and strickt observation of the peoples *lipps* that convers't with her, could perfectly understand what any person said, though they spake so low that the *bystanders* could not hear it: as has been frequently experimented by the right Honorable the Lady *Gerard*, and divers others of her *neighbours* now living, with whom she would go to *Church*, and bring away as much of the sermon as the most attentive *hearer* there; all which she did, not with difficulty but so much ease and satisfaction, that if one turned aside and spake, that she could not see his *lipps*, she thought herself much disoblighd. Nay so very well skill'd was she in this *Art* (which we may call *Labiomancy*) as 'tis generally beleived (though I could get no personall testimony of it, some persons being dead, and others removed into *Ireland* who sometimes lay with her) that in the night time when in *bed*, if she might lay but her hand on their *lipps* so as to feel the motions of

them, she could perfectly understand what her *bedfellows* said, though it were never so dark. For confirmation of the possibility and truth whereof, there are many parallel *Histories* sent us from abroad, of *persons* that have done the same in all particulars . . . ;' and then follows a string of cases from Borellus, Job a Meek'ren, Petrus a Castro, Tulpius, and Casaubon (p. 289).

25th.—

This day is called the feast of Crispian,
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by
From this day to the ending of the world
But we in it shall be remembered.

I wonder if anyone but me keeps the feast of Crispian. Good Navy Leaguers have difficulty enough in getting people to remember Trafalgar. The awkward thing is that you can't have a victory without some one else having a defeat, and too loud a flourish of trumpets might hurt sensitive feelings across the water. Still, it is possible to be too considerate; our first business lies in educating our own people, and not the least part of education consists in praising famous men and our fathers who begat us. The other side can always persuade themselves that they were betrayed, or that it was their tyrant who was defeated, not themselves. And we shall not grudge them the celebration of their own victories, such as Waterloo. I wonder if Shakespeare kept the feast of Crispian. I can imagine some soldier, a matter-of-fact person like myself, calling at New Place on 25th October, two years after 'Henry V.' was written, and being greatly shocked to find that Shakespeare did not even know it was Agincourt day. I suppose if persons of genius stimulate the rest of us, we must not be too curious as to their practising what they preach. I remember such a one expatiating to me upon the titles of Scott's novels, and saying of 'Peveril of the Peak:' 'Now I call that a perfect name for a romantic novel; no one could hear it without being bitten with an instant wish to know all about Peveril;' and he rhapsodised for several minutes on all that the name suggested to him—hairbreadth escapes, conspirators in gloomy caverns, &c., &c. 'Tell me the story,' I said, 'for I am ashamed to say I have never read it.' 'Nor have I,' said my friend.

I was dozing to-night over Mr. Lang's ghost book, in particular the story of the 'Dogs' Mause,' when the cook rushed in, with hair up-staring and the tongs in her hand, and begged me to go to the back door, which was bewitched. I took up a poker and a candle, and went to inspect. It was sufficiently curious.

The door was shaking as if it had the palsy, and the yard-dog outside was yelping most uncomfortably. When I drew the bolt the shaking at once stopped, and there was a slight scuffling noise. The candle cleared up the mystery by showing a small heap of *débris* where a rat had been gnawing the sill to make a way into the house. Its body must have pressed against the door as it worked, and so caused the shaking. But to which of us the rat had a message we are yet in ignorance.

27th.—We are all in woe to-day, as the great beech has been felled. For months we had shut our eyes to the ominous cracks and more than ominous rot, but at last it would not do. Its brother was blown down two years ago, and, as the newspapers are now prophesying a gale, it seemed good policy to choose the direction in which the tree should fall. Our neighbours think us a little doting in our fondness, for the beech did not conform to the regular type. As the two trees had stood very close together, each had branches only on one side; and when the first tree was down, the other looked wild and horrid (in the classical sense), like a tree of Salvator Rosa's. But it was beautiful in a way of its own, and had never looked so beautiful as to-day in the sunlight, all on fire with crimson and orange and brown and green; as it fell, the leaves shot away from it like flames. Eugenia sketched it in water-colours just before execution, and is going to have a frame made for the portrait from one of the branches—a true relic. The rest will serve perhaps no less well to keep it in memory, as it should supply fuel to a pyre for many weeks. By what looks to us at the moment like an odd attempt at compensation, I hear that my kinsman Beaufoy ('foy' is *fagus*) was presented to-day with a son and heir.

The first sod of the new bowling-green¹ was cut this morning

¹ The French writer Le Blond, already referred to, who was a pupil of the great gardener, Le Nôtre, is much exercised about this term bowling-green. He says of it in Mr. James's translation, 'The invention and original of the word *bowling-green* [bouligrin] comes to us from England. Many authors derive it from the English words; namely, from *bowl* which signifies a round body and *green* which denotes a meadow, or field of grass; probably because of the figure in which it is sunk, which is commonly round, and covered with grass. Others will have it, that the word takes its name from the large green-plots, on which they are wont to play at bowls in England, and for which purpose the English take care to keep their grass very short, and extremely smooth and even. A *bouligrin* in France differs from all this, &c.,' and he goes on to explain that it is only the sinking that makes it a *bouligrin*, together with the turf that covers it; the fact, of course, being that bowling-greens in England were usually sunk.

with due formality. I have had good luck in my search for ornaments to decorate it. An old house in the neighbourhood has just changed hands; and the new master, being a Nabob lately returned, as the poet says,

Home from the rule of Oriental races,

with a taste for fine art not unnaturally Orientalised, has banished from the garden some very beautiful Italian stone urns, carved with subjects in relief, and these I have rescued from an adjoining farm. They are delicately discoloured; which reminds me that yesterday I met the vicar in a coat green with age hurrying along on his bicycle at scorching speed; whereas to-day I met him as neat and spruce as a new pin. He told me he was off to town to lunch with his publisher. 'And where,' I said, 'were you posting to yesterday in such breakneck haste?' 'Oh, I had to appear before the Schools' Association to plead for a share in the grant to necessitous schools.' Dear vicar! how good-natured of him to dress for the part! I see he, too, has fallen a victim to the motto mania, and has inscribed over his door, 'Ut migraturus habita'—the text which so charmed Mrs. Ewing. I wonder if the Crown or the Bishop will take the hint. I fear neither is a frequent visitor.

28th.—The splendid weather seems at last to be drawing to an end; each day is 'miskier' than the last. But the few hours when the mist clears are still glorious. As Henry Vaughan says, 'Mists make but triumphs for the day.' I have two letters this morning about the last instalment of my diary. One challenges my expression that 'an *ancestor* of mine was a Fellow of All Souls in Henry VIII.'s reign,' pointing out that the Fellows of that date were necessarily celibate. Perhaps the word is inexact, but what substitute is there? Did not the Prince of Wales lately refer to Queen Elizabeth as his illustrious ancestor? The other letter tells me that some lines of poetry in the letter of my schoolgirl correspondent are reminiscences of two lines misprinted in the first edition of the 'Day-book of Bethia Hardacre' and since corrected.

After this desperate effort in philology it is not surprising to find our author deriving the *ha-ha* or sunk hedge from the exclamation of surprise, *ah-ah*, that breaks from the traveller at the vista beyond.

ONE APRIL MONTH.

CHAPTER IV.

AND Hotel Hoffendorf spoke, and wondered, and gossiped, and denounced as is the nature of Hotels Hoffendorf to do. The feminine portion, with a subtle and delicate regard for contagion, drew aside their skirts when Mrs. Lerock came near, and looked suspiciously and very coldly at her companions; while the masculine element, after its kind, stared more than is deemed polite, and made smoking-room remarks. For, indeed, this world, considering its great age and manifold improvements, is but an uncharitable little institution after all, and, by the majority, Catherine was credited with no finer motives in her friendship with Mrs. Lerock beyond the simple and natural affinity of 'birds of a feather.'

Mrs. Lerock, it is true, did give room for talk in those days. Her spirits seemed to grow more boisterous, her speech and laughter louder, even her beauty more aggressively remarkable as time went on. She had made no reference to her outburst of confidence with Catherine, and indeed, dexterously avoided any chance of private conversation, but at the same time—and this was a strange thing—she rarely failed to ask Catherine to join her in any of her walks and rambles with Captain De Lisle. And Catherine, being Catherine, brave in the purity of her purpose, and too proud to show how her sensitive soul shrank from the criticism of the Pension, went. Betty also, being Betty—fume as she might in private—accompanied her sister. It was some consolation to her that Catherine occasionally forgot her self-made *rôle*, and fell behind with Mr. Black in the pleasantest, friendliest laughter and talk. She observed with infinite delight how admirably they appeared to suit each other. The car of conversation went smoothly between them, upon well-oiled wheels; nor were their 'flashes of silence' any jolting ruts on its roadway.

Whatever Mr. Black thought of these excursions and of the company, he said nothing. It was probable to conclude that he enjoyed both, since he so often formed one of the party, wherever it went. 'For, would a man go anywhere he did not wish to go

or walk continually with people for whom he did not care? Not very likely,' argued Hotel Hoffendorf, shaking its wise head. And this was the more disappointing, for Mr. Black had undoubtedly appeared the quietest and most inoffensive of men, although certain undergraduates, who upon one occasion folded their bicycle wings for a brief rest at the Hoffendorf, had spread various reports and rumours of his brilliancy and renown. He was not simply Mr. Black—*any* Mr. Black, said they. Not at all. He was 'Black of the "Twentieth Century," Black of "Black's Own Magazine," Black of a hundred learned articles;' and they murmured 'By Jove!' and looked after him with young awe and reverence when he passed quietly through the swinging doors of the *salle à manger*. All of which things only went further to prove, agreed the ladies of English nationality in melancholy chorus, that when a person of Mr. Black's ability and seeming respectability could be so far led away by 'a creature' like Mrs. Lerock, there was little faith or trust to be put in any man.

And twice a day old Mr. Lerock was taken out in his basket-chair by Sanderson, and daily he looked more old and wheezy and unlovely. Some kindly disposed persons—and, thank God, there are many such to be found everywhere—would willingly have held out to him their little olive branches of help or friendliness, but he would have none of these, and glared at them with such a savage look in his small unhappy eyes that they fell back affrighted.

'Coming out to-day?' said Mrs. Lerock cheerfully, standing in a flood of sunlight on the staircase after luncheon. 'Your sister does not wish to come. No! but better have your chaperon then. Four are company, three are none.'

'Who?' exclaimed Catherine.

'Your chaperon! Mr. Black, to be sure.'

'Oh! hush, please.' The colour swept up Catherine's face, and she looked round apprehensively.

'Tra, la, la,' sang Mrs. Lerock, running up the shallow steps, and stopping for a moment to thrust her audacious golden head over the banisters: 'Don't talk nonsense, my dear, at this time of day.'

Then Catherine followed her with burning cheeks, slowly and very thoughtfully.

Captain De Lisle lifted his eyebrows abnormally high when

Mrs. Lerock stepped forth from the hotel half an hour later, looking more like an exquisite piece of colouring than ever, her parasol forming a crimson aureole behind the yellow hair.

'Alone!' he exclaimed.

'Yes, they're not coming to-day,' she replied shortly, and frowned.

'Thank heaven! The fit of respectability has passed off at last.'

'What d'you mean?' she flashed out at him, standing still on the road.

'Oh, nothing; nothing at all. Shall we walk on? We are obstructing the pathway, and your good husband, I can see, is coming out to take his little airing. Thanks, that is better. I am only saying my pious prayer of thanks that you've seen right to leave propriety behind you for a short time. It's quite refreshing.'

'Do you mean,' she said slowly, and breathing quickly, 'that I strike you as being *un-respectable*?'

He smiled and shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. '*Un-respectable*! My dear Hester! It's not a pretty word. We shall leave it alone.'

'No, we shall not,' she returned violently. 'And if I am *un-respectable*, who makes me that?' She wheeled round on him passionately.

He shrugged his shoulders again, and spread out both hands. 'Ah! who indeed! Society, is it not, who writes out our little characters for us?'

She walked on in silence, biting her red lips and twirling the handle of the parasol rapidly between her hands. 'No, it is not society,' she broke out vehemently at length. 'It is—it is you who make me what you say I am. And yet you—you call yourself my friend!'

His face grew white. 'Pardon me,' he said quietly, 'I do not know that I ever aspired to be Mrs. Lerock's friend. It was another position I had hoped, as we both know, to fill.'

'Cruel!' she said in a low voice, and the colour sprang to her cheeks. 'Since my marriage,' she resumed, in strangely quiet tones, 'you have been with me constantly. We have walked openly together. You have, at least, *passed* as my friend, whatever you may say. Everyone has thought so.' She paused, looking at him with a sort of questioning entreaty in her gaze.

'Have they?' he returned with a slight laugh. 'My dear Hester, how very innocently you deceive yourself. No one has ever dreamed I was your friend. You are not, as a matter of fact, the sort of woman who has friends.'

'I am not?' She stood still as if she had been shot, facing him for a moment with wide-open eyes, her hand clasped on her heart. 'Then, what am I?'

'You are——' he made a step towards her, his whole face changed and ablaze with a great passion.

'No, don't touch me!' she cried fiercely, drawing back and waving him off. 'Don't come near me.'

His lips contracted with a flash of the immaculate teeth. 'Shall we walk on decently? This unusual vehemence is astonishing and perplexing to the native Swiss mind.'

Little Justin, seated in the covert of the hedge, keeping watch over his mother's cows, stared at the foreigners with round wondering eyes of childish curiosity.

'Hester,' said Captain De Lisle, putting a violent control on himself, 'what has come to you? Who has been putting these idiotic ideas into your pretty head? Is it'—with a sneer—'that saintly new acquaintance of yours?'

"Whose shoe-latchet I am not worthy to unloose," she rejoined quickly. 'Scoff at me if you please, but leave her alone. Oh!' she cried out wildly, 'I am the most miserable creature in all the world; for now I know what I might have been.'

'What you shall be yet,' he answered eagerly, mistaking her meaning, and again drawing near to her. 'Only wait, Hester,' he whispered. 'It can't be very long; a little while, and then—and then, my beautiful one——'

'Oh! be silent,' she screamed, lifting up her hand to ward him off. 'How can you? How dare you? Oh, my God! my God!' and she fell into a strange tempestuous fit of sobbing.

Little Justin, the cowherd, rose precipitately from his seat under the edge, and fled, with never a halt, homewards. The Madame, with a face more beautiful than any Madonna in her shrine, was quarrelling with the black-haired, long-nosed Monsieur, he cried breathlessly to his mother, and they were speaking quick, loud words, and looking as if they would strike one another. 'Come quickly!' But, when Justin's mother returned with him to the cows by the roadside, her footsteps swift, and shod with curiosity, there was never a trace or sign of any beautiful, angry

Madonna, or black-haired, long-nosed Monsieur. 'Justin must assuredly have been dreaming,' said his mother severely, and she gave him a hearty, maternal shaking.

'There is one thing,' Betty Holland was observing complacently this afternoon, 'upon which I shall always congratulate myself, and that is, on bringing you and Mr. Black together. Confess, now, Catherine, it was a happy idea of mine.'

Betty was kneeling just under the long French window, stooping down, as she spoke, to lace her boots.

Catherine stood out on the balcony, her two elbows resting on the balustrade.

'Yes,' she said softly, and the face turned towards the mountains and the lake grew like a summer rose.

'Yes,' continued Betty, in high good-humour, 'I am proud to say I have laid the first steps of your success. Now that your first story has been accepted by such a good magazine, the rest will be easy.'

'I am not so sure of that,' said Catherine, smiling. 'My ideas, such as they are, might give out. I feel horribly afraid of myself.'

'Oh, what a joke it was,' exclaimed Betty, ignoring the last remark, and rippling off into laughter, 'that I should abuse Mr. Black's profession to his own face, and run down "Glenny and Norman," never dreaming, poor foolish me, that he was one of the heads of the same house. What did he say about your story, Catherine? Tell me every word all over again.'

'But I have told you every word before,' said Catherine, turning round her fair happy face. 'It is too conceited and stupid to say it all over again.'

'Bah! it's only to me, and I'm nobody in particular. Don't be a goose. Go on.'

'Well, if I must, O queen, he said the story was very prettily told. There was true art in its telling, that he should be pleased to have it for his magazine, and—and—oh, some other nice things.'

Betty had finished lacing her boots, and now sat upon the ground. Her face shone with pride.

'I know,' she said severely. 'You haven't told me half, and there's no earthly use for you to be so modest about it. For my own part, I should like to write every word out on a board and fasten it round my neck, and walk about the hotel with it like a sandwich man. I should. You need not laugh. I should like

to make every stupid English-speaking man and woman here look up to you.' She stopped, frowning darkly, and muttered 'Beasts!' 'But the best of it is,' she added, her face clearing up with smiles, 'that you get on so well with Mr. Black. Positively, my dear friend, you astonish even me. You are quite a wit with him. You say such fine things, that as I walk by your side I ask myself, is it possible you are the sister of this extraordinary person?'

'Oh, Betty!' expostulated Catherine, laughing and blushing. 'What nonsense you do talk. And if ever I chance to say anything the least bit fine, no credit to me. It is all Mr. Black's doing. He draws it forth. I do not know it is there till he brings it out.'

'Most peculiar,' murmured Betty, who had risen and was standing by the table, pensively examining the ribbon on her hat. 'I wish some kind soul would make a wit of me. How this ribbon has faded, as all fair things fade.' Betty sighed, with quite a genial smile, picked up a pair of scissors, and returned to the window. 'Yes,' she resumed chattily, 'I assure you, my dear, I sometimes feel quite *de trop*. There are moments when I wish fervently, good, pillowy, little Martha were here to bear me company.'

'Martha!' repeated Catherine in a bewildered voice, raising her head. 'Martha who?'

'Martha Black, to be sure. Mr. Black's comfortable little wife. By the way, he must be very fond of her; not that he mentions her often, for he does not. It is not surprising you should forget her existence. I dare say he thinks it bad form, like speaking too much of oneself. But I often see letters on the hall-table addressed to "Mrs. Black." Dear, dear! what a wretched old gossip I am growing,' and she gurgled off into laughter.

Catherine made no reply. Her face was still turned towards the lake and the mountains. Presently she wound her arm round the iron pillar which supported the balcony, and laid her cheek against it.

'My cup of joy runneth over,' continued Betty, snipping busily. 'Mrs. Lerock leaves to-morrow.'

'How do you know?' Catherine seemed to be speaking with a great effort. Her voice sounded very faint and far off.

'Because I heard her telling that poor, long-suffering *concierge*,

and then she went out with Captain De Lisle. I am so glad you actually refused to accompany them to-day, although why your conscience permitted this holiday I know not. Oh, how she can care for a creature like that, I cannot imagine. She should die of shame.'

'Betty,' said Catherine slowly, clasping the pillar more closely, 'you do not understand; you have no charity or pity for Mrs. Lerock.'

'No, none!' said Betty, cheerfully.

'You cannot imagine what it might be to—to love a person; not meaning to do anything wrong, but to glide into it, unthinkingly, scarcely knowing. It is not as if one deliberately picked out another and said, "I will love him or her, regardless of everything, whatever be the consequences." It seems to be sometimes'—she stopped, drawing a long painful breath, and her voice grew deep and low with feeling as she went on—'that our hearts make us fix on the very people we should least wish to love if we thought about it. For love comes so unbidden, and then we are blamed for it, and it is not all our fault.'

Betty paused in the critical inspection of her turned ribbon, and stared for a few moments at her sister.

'Well,' she observed, 'if I did not know better, I might think you were a kind of badish person yourself, Catherine.'

Catherine gave a faint groan, but with the simultaneous knock which came to the door it was unheard.

'*Entrez,*' cried Betty, in her clear, decided treble.

It was Christine, with a message from the English Madame, to ask if Miss Holland would be so good as speak with her, in the next room but one.

'Now?' demanded Betty.

'But yes,' said Christine, raising her shoulders, 'if Mees would graciously comply,' and she glanced at Catherine on the balcony.

'*Très bien,*' said Betty, dismissing her; and Christine withdrew.

'I suppose you must go,' she grumbled, as Catherine stepped into the room. 'What a nuisance. Whatever can she want with you? But do not stay long. I want my tea. Tell her, if she asks you to stop, that I am waiting for my tea—dying for it,' and she sprang up to give further force to her words and lit the spirit-lamp.

'Very well,' said Catherine, smiling faintly, and she went out.

'The next room but one' was occupied by Mrs. Lerock. It was a large room, half sitting-room half bedroom, luxuriously furnished, and overlooking a lovely view of blue lake and white-peaked mountains. The long windows stood open this afternoon, and the spring winds that were wandering over the land gently stirred the lace curtains to and fro. Upon a sofa near the window sat Mrs. Lerock. She seemed recently to have come in, for she was still in out-door costume.

When Catherine entered she drew out the two long pins which fastened her hat to her shining hair, and flung it with a reckless gesture upon the table. 'Well, I've done it,' she cried excitedly, turning her beautiful flushed face to Catherine. 'Are you pleased now?'

'What have you done?' asked Catherine anxiously, going towards her, and seating herself on the sofa.

'Done! Why, what you begged me to do. What you've been asking me to do in one way or another ever since we met.'

'I do not understand,' said Catherine gently. 'Tell me, please.'

'Sent him away. We've parted. I have said "good-bye" to him, for good or for bad, whichever it may be.' She lifted her miserable tear-washed eyes to Catherine. 'Oh, you need not think it was easy to do, and you need not think I wished to do it; for I did not. No, no; I did not.'

'I do not think it was easy,' answered Catherine, in low tones, taking her hand. 'I *know* it was not easy. But it was right. It was very brave of you. I honour you for it.'

'Honour *me*!' cried Mrs. Lerock, with a bitter laugh. 'What an absurd idea! I am not the sort of woman people honour. He as good as said so to me to-day. Oh! it was not nice to hear.'

'It was cruel,' said Catherine, her delicate face flushing indignantly. 'It was unmanly. It was not true. And whatever Captain De Lisle may say, he must, he will honour you now.'

She shook her head. 'He will hate me,' she said hopelessly; 'that is all. Oh!' she broke forth again, 'you cannot understand what it is to want to be happy like other girls; to wish for good, jolly times, and some person to love one and care for one, as they have. If God,' she cried out with a deep resentment, 'had only made me happy, I wouldn't have been such a bad sort of woman; I wouldn't indeed.'

'I understand—I know,' said Catherine slowly, and speaking

with difficulty, 'what it is to want to be loved and taken care of. But some of us cannot have that love and care. But it is not God's doing. Oh! never, *never* think so.' Her voice grew firmer and clearer as she went on. 'He is very sorry for us; sorrier far than any human being can be. But it is our own fault, or our own mistake, and we must bear the consequences, not like crying babies, but bravely, strongly, as men and women ought.'

She paused, and Hester Lerock looked at the pale, moved face beside her, with a marvelling surprise that, for a moment, drew her out of herself.

'You speak just as if you knew something about it,' she said with a sigh. 'But, of course, you cannot,' she added hastily, 'for you are different! You are too good for anything like that.'

Catherine's face contracted with sudden pain. 'I am not good at all,' she cried out, sharply. 'Do not think so, I beg of you. I am——'

'Nonsense! I shall think what I like,' returned the other, petulantly. Then she laughed recklessly. 'He said I should be begging him to come back in a week; well, who knows?—perhaps I shall.'

'No, no, you must not!' cried Catherine, urgently. 'Promise me you will not,' she entreated. 'Do not retrace the very good step you have taken to-day. Long ago, Jesus Christ said, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." I know what you have done to-day is like cutting off your right hand, but it is done for Truth and Honour, for righteousness' sake; and some day you will rejoice and be exceeding glad. Let us pray together,' she said suddenly, rising up, and before Hester Lerock could realise what she was doing, she was kneeling by the sofa, at Catherine's side.

'O Father!' the thrilling voice spoke, 'Thou seest us kneeling before Thee. We are weak, we faint and fail. We beseech of Thee to help us and strengthen us. Our desires are towards Thee. Give us Thy Holy Spirit to enlighten us. Forgive us our sins; we are sorry, we repent. We are full of pain and great heaviness of heart. Oh! lift us up, Divine Father! In Thy Love, make us strong. Help us to do Thy Will: to renounce all things contrary to Thy Holy Purpose. Aid us! Help us! we beseech of Thee, now and always, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.'

It was the first time Catherine had ever prayed aloud before another. The dews of an exceeding earnestness stood upon her

forehead, but she was too far lifted out of herself for any lesser feeling of shyness or self-consciousness. They stood up together, pale and shaken. There were tears in Hester Lerock's eyes. She lifted her beautiful trembling lips to Catherine's and kissed her simply like a little child.

'I will try to be good,' she whispered, sobbingly. 'You are good! Help me, help me! I will try to do right.'

CHAPTER V.

THERE is a charming green valley which lies at the foot of the mountain. The white ribbon of road which winds through the valley curls and twists and climbs over the mountain to an unknown country of dreams and possibilities on the other side. The road through the valley is lined on either side with slender strippling trees. It is exceedingly pleasant. Birds seem always twittering and singing above the green young leaves, with a melody of youthfulness and hope, and little tame creatures with shy, bright eyes peep out from the fronded ferns and wild flowers that cover its banks. All travellers own to its beauty. It leads them on and on, as by a magnet, with the spell and fascination which a sense of mystery and a strong hunger of pursuit have for the human mind. And when at length the solution lies before them, in no walled city of romance, or grey turreted castle, but in a blue lake and a clustering brown hamlet of Swiss chalets, it may be they too have some feeling of disappointment, as is the case with most of us when our riddles are read.

Yet the walk for itself alone is well worth going. In the late afternoon or early evening one hears a sound of music on the mountain, the melancholy note of the little cowherd's horn with its prolonged, lingering echo; then the distant, faint murmur of the cowbells, drawing gradually nearer and louder in a pleasing, melodious harmony, as of running water.

Catherine loved this road with a love, she once told Betty, as for some living thing. Whereupon Betty had raised her level eyebrows, and remarked it was a spendthrift waste of good affection which ought to have been given to a human being.

But to-day, as Catherine walked along the road, of all its gracious signs and promises which she was formerly so quick to observe, so keen to feel, in which her soul so eagerly delighted,

she noticed none. The setting sun touched her face caressingly, with a gentle, warm hand, but showed it worn with a long night's vigil, and infinitely sad.

Presently she stopped and seated herself on one of the many wooden benches the kindly Swiss folk provide for travellers. There was not another living soul in sight, save on the hill a tiny, black moving speck, which the fitful 'too-tooting' of a horn proclaimed to be a cowherd. Catherine lifted her eye-glasses from her eyes, her hands fell into her lap, and she sighed wearily. The whole attitude of her figure as she sat upon the bench seemed to imply some heavy burden or care.

Over all the land the delicate haunting sadness of the spring twilight was stealing. Already the sun had extinguished his great farewell bonfire behind the pine-woods. The breath of coming night had touched the trees, and in a certain still and solemn splendour each mountain peak and every scarred height stood revealed, waiting and watching the passing of the day.

But it was not alone this intangible sorrow of the dying day that pressed on Catherine's heart. Her thoughts were travelling heavily along the 'Via Dolorosa.'

'He bore our burdens and carried our sorrows,' she murmured to herself. 'Ah! it was little wonder our blessed Saviour's life was harder than any human man's, for much sympathy means indeed much pain. But then He had no sins of His own.' She lifted her hands with a quick involuntary gesture of shame, and covered her face. 'O God! I did not mean it,' she moaned, half aloud. 'Thou knowest I did not. But I did not remember. I forgot—I was so—so happy. Oh, take this sinful thing out of my heart. Forgive me for it, dear Lord. And—and'—the proud, sensitive face was bowed lower—'may no one ever know.' Her voice died away in a whisper.

There was a movement in the pine-wood behind her. Footsteps were drawing near, falling soft on the moss, but crushing the bent twigs and fir-cones as they came. Catherine lifted her head, straightening and drawing herself together with a subtle instinct of self-preservation. It might probably only be one of those poor peasant women, prematurely old and bowed before her time, returning home with a great bundle of faggots on her back. She did not look round. She shrank from the curious gaze of any eye.

It was, however, most certainly not the voice of a peasant

woman that presently exclaimed in pleased, surprised English, 'Good evening, Miss Holland. You here, and alone!' Nor was it the bent figure of a faggot-bearer who stood before her, lifting his grey hat from his head.

Catherine gave a great start. 'I—I thought you were a wood-gatherer,' she stammered, a little nervously. 'I—I did not see you coming.'

'Naturally,' said Mr. Black. He was looking at her with a simple, eager gladness, and at the same time a sort of shyness in his kind eyes. 'May I sit down for a few minutes, Miss Holland?'

She silently acquiesced by moving further along the bench, and making room for him.

'Thanks. Have you been for a walk, Miss Holland?'

'I have come from the station,' said Catherine, searching in trembling haste for her eye-glasses. When she had adjusted them she felt more confidence. They gave her something of the protective feeling of armour.

'Ah! seeing off our compatriots. That was indeed kind of you,' he exclaimed warmly.

She shook her head deprecatingly. 'They are going to Zermatt—for some time, I think.'

'And afterwards, or finally, to London, I suppose, the magnet of us all?'

'Yes.'

'And you will see them there?'

'I think so; I hope so,' she answered gravely.

Mr. Black bent forward, and with his stick he diligently dug little holes in the ground. 'Forgive me, Miss Holland,' he said abruptly, raising his head; 'but you are so totally different. I can scarcely reconcile myself to the idea of your friendship.'

'But one does not want a friend exactly like oneself,' she returned hastily. 'An echo of oneself would be too tiresome, would it not? like looking constantly into a mental mirror?'

'Perhaps.' Mr. Black nodded thoughtfully, and returned to his digging of graves, in which he industriously buried small green leaves, and covered them up with earth. 'Miss Holland,' he exclaimed again suddenly, 'you were looking very sad when I came upon you just now. Were you thinking of these—friends?'

Catherine blushed, and turned her face towards the mountains. 'I have just left them,' she said evasively. 'I was thinking of

them all the way through the valley. I was very sorry for them.'

Mr. Black looked at the half-averted, delicately cut profile with a look of admiration and reverence; but Catherine did not see him.

When she glanced round again he was tapping the ground softly with his stick.

'Well, I consider,' he said slowly, 'that Mrs. Lerock is not entirely to be pitied. On the contrary, having won the high honour of your friendship, she is to be envied.'

'Oh, no,' cried Catherine, shrinking painfully. 'There is no honour in my friendship. None. I can give little help: I can do nothing.' She spoke with a strange agitation.

'Shall we argue about it?' said Mr. Black, looking at her with an odd smile.

'No,' returned Catherine, and she tried to laugh with a flash of her old gaiety, 'for perhaps we might quarrel, and I should be sorry. Do not let us argue.'

'I should be sorry to quarrel,' he said quietly, 'especially when we may so soon be parted.'

'Yes, it would certainly be a pity.' Catherine hoped her voice sounded as evenly cheerful as she intended it to be. But Mr. Black's face fell, and he looked unreasonably disappointed.

The conversation was going most haltingly this afternoon. It was not running upon its usual pleasant, well-oiled wheels.

After a heavy pause Mr. Black cleared his throat. 'In London,' he said tentatively, 'there are omnibuses, cabs, and cars, and an underground railway; therefore, however large London may be, there is no absolute necessity for friends to be apart.' He glanced at her expectantly, but receiving no answer he went on, 'Cromwell Road is not entirely out of the world, and I—we should be only too delighted if——'

'But Mrs. Black,' broke in Catherine, with a gentle, cold smile. 'Might she not object? Would not she dislike two strangers thrusting themselves upon her?'

'Not at all, not at all,' he rejoined eagerly. 'Quite the contrary. She would be charmed—simply charmed! She is very much of an invalid—tied almost constantly to her sofa, and it would be an immense pleasure to her to make your acquaintance. But perhaps'—he stopped short, eyeing her anxiously through his spectacles, 'I am asking too much.'

'You are very good,' said Catherine, with gentle, courteous formality. 'If you like—if Mrs. Black wishes—we shall be happy to call when we return to town.'

Mr. Black looked at her in an almost boyishly puzzled and disappointed way. 'Thank you,' he said humbly.

She had broken off a little green branch from the tree, and was waving it softly to and fro before her face. 'I am quite longing to get back,' she continued, in the same conventional voice. 'Since you were so kind as to hearten me up about my writing, I am eager to begin again, and to accomplish something.'

Mr. Black said nothing for a little while. He drew fantastic hieroglyphics on the ground. In truth, he felt as if some one had wakened him up in a strange, cold world, in which he was an unfamiliar guest. 'You like it very much,' he remarked at length.

Catherine started. 'I beg your pardon, what?'

'Your work. It satisfies you. It thoroughly engrosses your whole mind and heart.'

'I hope so,' she breathed, with a great earnestness. 'I want it to fill up every moment of my time. I wish it.' Then she, too, stopped abruptly and rose to her feet. 'Hark! Do you hear the cow-bells? Have not they a musical sound? They are coming nearer, and they mean it is almost dinner-time at the Hoffendorf. Shall we go now?' She spoke quickly and nervously, and scarcely waiting for a reply began to walk away. Mr. Black rose obediently, but the perplexed and bewildered expression was more obvious on his face.

After they had walked some distance in silence he turned to her and said, 'Miss Holland, do I strike you as being very old?'

'Oh, no!' she exclaimed sincerely. 'You do not strike me as being old at all.'

'But my hair is quite grey,' he said simply, lifting his hat, and running his hand through his hair. 'It has been grey, I suppose, for a long time, but I only noticed it lately.'

'Grey hairs do not imply much nowadays,' said Catherine lightly, 'unless it be too hard brain-work. Quite young people turn grey. There is a pretty French proverb, she added shyly, 'do you know it? "On a l'âge de son cœur." I think it is very true.'

'Very true! Capital! It suits my mother now admirably. You would like my mother, I think, Miss Holland,' his tones were

warm with interest. 'You and she would be certain to get on well together.'

'Yes?' The moment after, Catherine's heart smiting her for this brief rejoinder, she observed, half interrogatively, 'Your—your mother, then, lives with you?'

'Certainly!' He looked surprised. 'My mother has lived with me all my life. She is a wonderful old lady, as gay and blithe as a young girl. I should much like you to know each other,' he said earnestly.

'Thank you,' replied Catherine, in a low voice. 'Ah! here we are, and in time for dinner after all.' This last remark she uttered with much animation, as if to be in good time for one's dinner was to her all important. It was less like Catherine than ever.

Mr. Black looked after the slender figure flitting up the wooden staircase with a disturbed and disappointed look on his face. He ran his hand absently through his hair, as he hung up his hat in the hall. 'She is so quick to interpret one's meanings, I thought she might have understood,' he murmured; 'but perhaps—perhaps she did.'

Very probably, however, Mr. Black overrated Catherine's powers of perception; for what he had wished her to understand, Catherine, performing her evening toilet hurriedly and with burning cheeks, had no idea.

When she came down to dinner she was gayer, and more entirely engrossed, than she had been for a long time, with the sprightly Frenchwoman beside her.

And Betty did not grumble at this, for Betty too was gay. She thanked Herr Franz Fricke in her most gracious manner when he offered her salad, and the gentian-blue eyes smiled upon him in such a ravishing manner as sent the heart of that too susceptible youth bounding up to the seventh heaven with delight. And this—from Miss Betty Holland, who looked with exceeding coldness on all foreigners, and who frankly owned she could not be troubled with their exaggerated bows, their peculiar modes of eating, and their mutilated English. It was truly wondrous favour! Betty must indeed have been in high good humour.

'I could dance on my very head for joy, improper proceeding though it might be. Oh, I am so glad! Catherine, do you hear?' She opened her sister's door that night after they had gone upstairs, and whirled in beside her a radiant figure in a blue dressing-gown with flying brown hair. 'I am a new man,' so to speak, 'a bold,

bad, happy creature since those cronies of yours have left! Now, I feel I can hold up my head at its normal height. I need no longer be for ever a-tossing of it in the air, and keeping you and myself up on invisible stilts. Oh, the ecstatic relief of it all!' She flung herself out of breath on the bed and looked with dancing eyes at her sister. 'Why so dumb and solemn, little sinner? Why so sad?'

Catherine was seated by the window in the one armchair the little room boasted. She had not yet begun to undress; she had only absently drawn the pins from her hair, and it fell down her shoulders in a long, soft coil. Her hands lay loosely clasped in her lap. In the pale light of the moonbeams, the softly curved face had a more ethereal and spiritlike look.

'I hope and pray,' continued Betty energetically, raising herself on one below, 'that you have made no promises about seeing that person again in London; that the farewell here is no miserable "au revoir," "auf Wiedersehen" business, but a genuine, honest, downright, English "Good-bye."'

'Betty,' said Catherine firmly, 'do not be angry, but I have promised to see Mrs. Lerock again. I cannot give her up. Do not ask it of me.'

Betty laid her head down on the pillow with a groan. 'You are a wretchedly perverse creature, Catherine; but you need not think you will ever be able to do that Mrs. Lerock good, for you cannot. So there!'

'Perhaps not,' said Catherine sadly. She looked at her sister with a yearning and grieved expression in her sweet eyes. Then she spoke again earnestly. 'It is easy to rail against people. It is easy to find fault with them, and say we should have done otherwise. But how do we know until we are tempted? How dare we say we are stronger and better than they, when nothing has ever come to induce us to be otherwise? I—I at least,' her voice trembling with emotion, 'have little cause to say so. If anyone should have a fellow-feeling for poor Mrs. Lerock, above all others, it is I.'

Betty made no reply, but presently she began to laugh softly to herself. 'Oh, Catherine!' she burst out. 'It's too utterly funny to think of you posing as a "bad person." You, who can scarcely recognise a sin when it stares you hard in the face. St. Catherine in the dust! No, no, no, my dear. You don't suit the character one little bit.' She jumped out of bed and flung herself on her sister, enveloping her in a blue cloud of dressing-gown and

brown hair. 'There, there! It shall go to see its naughty persons if it likes, and it will make them into good, big people if it can; but it needn't try to imagine itself a fellow-sinner, for it isn't, never was, and never, never, never will be,' shaking her gently to and fro. 'So there again!' and she kissed her heartily.

'Betty!' exclaimed Catherine. 'You don't know, I——' she paused, looking at her sister dumbly, with eyes full of strange tears. 'Go to bed,' she said gently, 'and don't talk nonsense.'

'Go to bed, indeed!' exclaimed Betty, sitting down on the floor and laying her head comfortably on Catherine's lap. 'Not very likely. I have come here to talk, my good dear, and to gossip, if it seemeth proper unto me. Catherine!'

'Well?'

'What has become of that Captain De Lisle? Faugh! I hate even mentioning his name.'

'He has gone to London to join his regiment, I think.'

'And long may his regiment keep him,' said Betty sardonically. 'Let us hope he has for ever vanished out of our lives. Catherine, with the prophetic eye of my mind, I see our fortunes unrolling before us.'

'And what may they be?' said Catherine, stroking her sister's hair with gentle hand.

'First of all, when we return to London, a fortnight of Aunt M'Clay, strict propriety, disapprobation, lectures, lodging hunting. Then, possession of said lodgings, insignificance or retirement for both of us. You, perpetually plying the busy pen: I, devoting my superfluous energies to nursing the poor. Then our stars rise,' Betty pointed dramatically upwards. 'The authoress begins to get known, her books are talked about. A cloud of interviewers sweep down upon our modest dwelling. You, with your inherent modesty, refuse to see them; but I,' she smote her breast, 'have no such foolish scruples. I interview them. I—and oh!' she broke off in a burst of irrepressible glee. 'What fun I have! What a dance I lead them! Catherine, do you see it all?'

Catherine said she did—we are not perpetually sad, thank God—and Catherine joined in the infectious laughter. When they had recovered their gravity, Betty said warningly, 'Now, Miss Holland!'

'Well! What?'

'We must let no mortal creature come in between us and this very good plan of life.'

'My dear,' said Catherine, with a little sadness, 'who could? Are we not two poor, lorn creatures alone in the world?'

'That has nothing at all to do with it. There are *men*,' said Betty darkly. 'Yes, *men*'—nodding her head—'and, Catherine, I am sorry to say I have not the profound faith in you I should like to have, saddled, as you are, with that wretched incubus of a conscience. For if a man be but poor enough, or bad enough, or altogether unconverted enough, there is no saying what you might not be induced to do. Oh, ho! I know you, madam. But I shall keep my eye on you.'

'Then I shall be quite sure to be safe,' said Catherine gaily.

'But you promise,' pursued Betty earnestly. 'I am not joking. Really, truly you will let no man spoil our programme.'

'My dear,' said Catherine, 'I may safely promise.'

'That's right,' exclaimed Betty, jumping up and extending her hand. 'Now, I shall depart to my slumbers with a light heart. There, I am not angry with you any more. I really,' and she ran back from the door and again kissed her sister, 'would be very fond indeed of you, Catherine, if only you would always do as I ask you.'

CHAPTER VI.

THEY were again sitting by the lakeside, and Betty was idly casting little stones into the water. But she was throwing them from her quite gently, almost mournfully; not at all in the vicious manner of that morning when first we saw her.

'Our last afternoon,' she presently remarked. 'Well, considering the wicked passions and rages I have felt in this place, and the scath and scorn we have both endured, I am yet sort of sorry to leave it. How do you feel, Catherine?'

'It is the most beautiful spot I have ever seen.'

'That is not a proper reply. I inquired how you felt—if you were sorry to go.'

'Yes,' said Catherine slowly. 'I am sorry to go, and yet,' drawing a deep breath, 'not sorry in another way. My holiday and play have lasted long enough. I want to work now; I am ready for it.'

'Are you, indeed?' Betty turned and faced her sister critically. 'I am not so sure of that, madam. You have seemed

uncommonly seedy of late—hollow-eyed, white-cheeked, and all the rest of it.'

'Oh, nonsense,' cried Catherine quickly. 'You take such ideas into your head, Betty.'

'Oh, well.' Betty shrugged her shoulders, and threw another stone into the water with a splash. 'Be it far from me to act the bird of evil omen. But, Catherine, tell me why are you so cold and chill now to Mr. Black, who has really, one might say, set you on your feet?'

'Am I cold and chill to Mr. Black?' murmured Catherine. 'Surely not.'

'My dear child, you are, and, let me tell you, very strange and ungrateful it seems of you. At first we all went together everywhere—a holy, happy little band'—Betty paused to chuckle—'and then you were the greatest of friends. You talked to him as if you had never met a real live human being in your life before. It was astonishing. And why did Mr. Black come with us, I ask of you?' she cried, waxing eloquent. 'Not out of any great love to Mrs. Lerock, nor yet to Captain De Lisle. It is my private opinion that these two men hated each other. They had never a word to say beyond what necessity demanded; and little wonder either. Well, but Mr. Black accompanied us simply, I firmly believe, to act as guardian angel and chaperon to us. And now—now that you no longer require a guardian angel—you avoid him. No more walks or talks with Mr. Black. Catherine, it is not nice of you; it is—it is really horrid.' Betty paused indignantly and out of breath.

Catherine's face during her sister's speech had changed rapidly from white to crimson, and back to white again. 'I am sorry I seem cold and chill,' she said humbly. 'I do not mean to be rude.'

'Well, then, be polite and nice again,' said Betty laughing. 'It is not like you. I wonder,' she continued thoughtfully, propping her cheek on her hand, 'if we shall ever see much of Mr. Black in London. Not likely. It is only the bores who attach themselves to us.'

'He has asked us to call upon Mrs. Black,' said Catherine, with her eyes on the dancing waves of the lake.

'For pillowy little Martha? Oh, what a joke!'

'I do not think she is pillowy little Martha after all. Mrs. Black is an invalid.'

'An invalid! Good gracious! This alters all our preconceived

ideas. We must re-christen our friend.' Betty sat wrapped in thought for a little while, then she broke out with great emphasis: 'Catherine, we must cultivate these Black people. They must introduce you into literary society.'

Catherine smiled faintly. 'Oh, no, Bettikins; that is not at all necessary. I am not a shining light.'

'But it is necessary,' insisted Betty firmly. 'Now, don't contradict me; it sours me to be contradicted. I have, happily, arranged it all; and in the programme I told you of the other night they play their own little part. Well, I shall go in and pack now. No, you need not come,' laying her hand fondly on her sister's shoulders. 'Sit still a little longer, and dream your dreams and see your fine visions. And, Catherine belovedest, if you should happen to come across Mr. Black, do—do be nice to him, just as you used to be. Do, for my sake.'

'Very well,' said Catherine in a low tone; 'I will try.'

It was, however, not at all likely she should meet Mr. Black, for he had gone that morning a long walk through the valley and across the mountain. He had set out with the fixed and laudable purpose of enjoying it very thoroughly. There was a mountain lake at the end of it, which Baedeker, and all those pious tourists who devoutly read his gospel, said ought certainly to be seen. Mr. Black had been asked every day of his three weeks' sojourn at the Hoffendorf if he had been this walk, and Mr. Black, with the perversity which occasionally besets the very best of men not to see what they are told to see, or go where they are directed to go, had always smilingly replied 'No,' and he did not think he should. But whether Mr. Black grew weary of the monotony of the same question, put to him by so many of Baedeker's flying disciples, and the surprise his answer never failed to elicit, or not, I cannot tell, but quite suddenly he seemed to change his mind, and that morning he went forth to inspect the highly lauded lake.

Mr. Black did not, as a rule, walk quickly. He was more given to lounging or dawdling, especially in holiday time, looking about him leisurely, and probably observing more through his spectacles than anyone ever suspected. But human nature is very full of contradictions, and this morning Mr. Black proved the truism by starting out at a good rousing pace, as if eager to reach his journey's end, and not heeding very much what he passed on the way.

By-and-bye his footsteps lagged and grew slower; the enthusiasm with which they had appeared to be shod departed from them, and finally he sat down.

It was the same bench upon which he had rested with Catherine a few days previously. The grotesque patterns still remained upon the ground and the small graves he had dug that afternoon, and again he bent forward, and with his stick he drew absently more curves and twirls and strange figures. After a while he ceased tracing these meaningless hieroglyphics, and sat with his chin on his hand intently thinking. He sat so very still that a young brown squirrel ran down a neighbouring tree, and peeped up at him with bright, inquisitive eyes. The squirrel had just concluded he was an imitation man, set there to frighten away birds and other intrusive creatures, when Mr. Black roused himself with a violent movement. The squirrel darted away in a terrible fright. He was not an imitation man after all. He raised his head, and lifting his hat with an involuntary gesture of reverence, he looked over at the mountains. His uplifted face, with the light full upon it, looked very strong and purposeful. It was assuredly the face of a real man. Then he started to his feet and retraced his steps along the road, for there was, indeed, no longer any remembrance in his mind of the lake he had gone forth to see.

And so it was that when he came back to the Hoffendorf he saw a familiar blue figure sitting down by the margin of the water. Mr. Black stood still for a few minutes, looking intently at it and breathing quickly. Then he took 'the bit of courage' between his teeth, and walked down to the beach.

Catherine heard the sound of steps drawing near over the stones and gravel, but she did not turn her head when she exclaimed: 'Back again already! Why, how very expeditious you have been!'

'I have not gone,' said Mr. Black simply.

'O—oh!' She faced him swiftly enough now, nearly screaming aloud in her surprise. 'I—I beg your pardon. I fancied you were my sister.'

'No,' said Mr. Black, and he stood gazing down at her with a peculiar gravity on his face. 'Will you come with me for a walk, Miss Holland?' he asked abruptly.

Catherine looked down and around her helplessly; then she remembered Betty's words, and lifted her eyes to Mr. Black in painful, questioning hesitation.

'Come,' he said again; 'please come.' There was an urgent, constraining, pleading in his voice, and he held out his hand.

Without a word she laid her hand in it, and with the supple, effortless grace of youth rose lightly to her feet. She seemed to move in a dream, as, still holding her hand in his, he helped her up the short, steep bank to the road. Then she recollected herself, and drew it away with a murmur of thanks.

They passed along the road in silence, across the quaint old painted bridge that spans the river, past the scattered homes, between the long line of poplar trees that stand up still and straight as the painted trees of a child's toy-box, and still the bands of silence bound them fast.

At length Mr. Black spoke. 'You are leaving to-morrow?'

'Yes,' replied Catherine, almost inaudibly. The sound of her own voice gave her a shock, and again she repeated 'yes' louder and more cheerfully, with a violent effort to throw off this dream, this hypnotic trance, or whatever it was holding her in its power. 'We leave for London to-morrow. We have been here quite a long time. Everything must come to an end.'

'Must it?' said Mr. Black, with a curious inflexion in his voice. 'Must everything come to an end? Must friendship? Must high regard? Must love? Must all these fine things come to an end?'

Catherine said nothing. Her face grew white and she trembled strangely.

'No,' Mr. Black went on emphatically, 'they must not; they dare not. They are immortal as the soul of man. Miss Holland, I had thought we were friends.'

'You have been very kind to me,' said Catherine gently; 'very friendly since we met you here. I think, perhaps, I have never thanked you sufficiently for—for everything.'

'Thanked *me*,' repeated Mr. Black below his breath. 'There was no question or word of thanking me. The thanks were all due on the other side, as I very well know. But if you honoured me with your friendship, as I had hoped, why must it, then, come to an end?'

'It need not come to an end. You have said we might see you in London.'

'Yes,' he replied heavily, 'I did say so. I had desired it with all my heart. But you expressed no wish or pleasure—none. On the contrary, you shrank from it; I could see that. You seemed

to wish to have done with me when we left here. Miss Holland,' he demanded, and there was a youthful, almost boyish, note in his voice, 'what is my crime? How have I offended you?'

'You have not offended me,' cried Catherine eagerly. 'Oh, no, no. Do not for an instant imagine such a thing. It is not possible.'

'Miss Holland,' he broke out again, and he spoke in the short, abrupt sentences a man uses when he is most deeply moved, 'you are kind—kinder than any other—and gentle to all creatures. Extend that kindness to me, too. Bear with me. If I ask too much will you forgive me?' There was such an intense earnestness in Mr. Black's gaze that Catherine, as if forced by some powerful magnetism, lifted her eyes to his face.

The river and the cows and the poplar trees danced in a fantastic medley before them when she answered tremblingly, 'Yes.'

'It does not take long to tell. Only this.' He stood still on the road, facing her. 'I love you with all my soul. Can you——' But Catherine was recoiling from him as if he had struck her, lifting her shaking hands to her face. 'I have read my answer,' he said quietly. 'No need for more words. I have been a presumptuous fool.'

'Oh,' she moaned bitterly, 'would you, too, judge me so wrongly? Did you think I was a creature so base as all that?'

'Base!' he cried quickly. 'Heaven forbid! That word has no reference with you. God is my witness, I have thought of you with nothing but the purest reverence. When I am near you, my hat is always in my hand. I did not fancy myself worthy. No, no! But is it then such an insult to offer you my very best?'

'But Martha,' she gasped faintly, the playful nickname falling unconsciously from her lips; 'your wife!'

'My wife?' He stared at her in a profound astonishment.

'Oh,' she cried, covering her crimson face with her hands and writhing as though in pain, 'why do you make me repeat it? Your wife, Mrs. Black, whom you told me was an invalid!'

'I have no wife,' he said slowly. 'Ah! I see,' a light breaking in upon him. 'You misunderstood me. You fancied, perhaps, I referred to my wife when I spoke of my mother.'

'Your mother!' Catherine's hands fell down, and for a few

moments of intense palpitating silence they both stared into each other's eyes.

'I have never had a wife,' said Mr. Black. 'I have never wanted one till—till I saw you. Would it—oh! would it,' and he drew a step nearer, and eagerly, yet diffidently, took her hand, 'would it make any difference *now*?'

Catherine shrank farther away. 'I can never forgive myself,' she murmured in a choked voice. 'I have insulted you beyond any pardon.'

'No, you have not,' he cried out, very boldly, and gently he seized the other hand. 'Tell me—tell me, am I too audacious an old fellow? Can you ever forgive me?'

Then Catherine, being a captive, and having no longer any shield for the fair, down-drooped face, looked up—proud, maidenly Catherine, with the sweet, trembling lips and swimming eyes. 'If you will forgive me,' she whispered, 'I will pardon you.'

And straightway, for Love holds a golden key, they were walking in a new earth with a new heaven above their heads, for the old things had passed away.

It was long past luncheon-time, but they had completely forgotten that highly necessary meal, and still they were wandering along the poplared road by the sunny lake, and talking and smiling as no other person in life had ever heard or seen them talk and smile before. They were walking hand in hand like two children, for truly love leads all hearts—the wisest and greatest as well as the least learned—to the same simple, high level of happy childhood; and so engrossed were they that they did not observe a figure coming swiftly towards them round the curve of the road.

'It is Betty,' cried Catherine suddenly, blushing divinely and putting on her eye-glasses. 'Oh, what will Betty say?'

But Betty did not long leave them in doubt as to what she should say.

'Where have you been?' she cried in her high, clear tones, advancing breathlessly to Catherine, and laying her hand on her arm with a little shake. 'What a terrible fright you have given me! I thought you were drowned. Do you know lunch is passed *hours* ago?'

'Is it?' said Catherine guiltily; 'I forgot. We have been for a walk.'

'You must pardon us, Miss Betty,' interposed Mr. Black. 'We have been for a wonderful and new walk to-day.'

'A new walk?' Betty's eyes traversed the familiar road, and returned to the two faces before her with an incredulous stare. 'Nonsense,' she cried brusquely; 'that walk is as old as the hills. We have gone that way every day since we came.'

'But I have not,' said Mr. Black. 'It was entirely a new road to me,' and he smiled in such a manner she fancied he had gone mad, and stared at him harder than ever.

Then she turned her gaze upon Catherine, and lo! there was such a beautiful shining light upon her face she could not take her eyes off it. 'What do you mean?' she cried out in bewilderment.

'Oh, Betty,' said Catherine, reading her sister's thoughts, 'there was no pillowy little Martha after all. It was quite—quite an idea of our own. And I am a very wicked woman. I have forgotten my promise to you.'

'What!' exclaimed Betty in a quick, harsh voice.

'You said I must never let anyone come in to change our plan of life, and I—I have.'

'It was altogether my fault, Miss Betty,' protested Mr. Black boldly; 'but you see I could not help myself,' and he looked at Catherine.

Then Betty understood, and for a moment she felt as if she could have struck Mr. Black.

'Do you mean to say'—she turned her back on him and her flashing eyes on Catherine—'that you've been and gone and—and got engaged?'

'I—I think so,' faltered Catherine humbly. 'Oh, Betty, dear,' she cried, 'do not be angry. I am so happy, and you know'—this was, perhaps, scarcely fair of Catherine—'you know you yourself asked me to be nice to—to Mr. Black.'

'Did I?' said Betty, breathing hard. They had all turned, and were with one accord walking quickly towards the village. 'Yes, I did,' she repeated bitterly, 'poor blind bat that I was! I did indeed; but little I thought it might end in this!'

'Am I so very bad, then?' said Mr. Black, with a lurking smile at the corners of his mouth.

'You are not bad alone,' she admitted judicially, 'but taken in conjunction with——'

'With Catherine, I promise you I shall be a great deal better,'

he interposed eagerly. 'I shall grow quite mellow and thoroughly nice through time. Who could help it?'

'You needn't be so very sure of that,' she retorted grimly. 'I have lived with Catherine all the years of my life, and you see the result now—not very nice, eh?'

'But supposing you had not lived with Catherine?' and he paused suggestively.

'The result would have been too frightful to contemplate!' A smile began to creep through the severity of her face. Betty never could resist the slightest hint of a joke, and Betty began to laugh. Laughter is an infectious thing. Perhaps it was not very romantic or sentimental, but these three people stood still on the road between the stiff rows of poplar trees, and laughed till they could laugh no more.

'Oh dear!' sighed Betty, wiping her eyes; 'small cause have I for this unseemly mirth.'

'I am dreadfully hungry now,' said Catherine. 'Do you think Jules might give us anything to eat?'

'Let us straightway go and see,' said Mr. Black, and he took Catherine's hand as if she were a very little child who could not be trusted to walk alone. But Catherine, fearful that Betty's feelings might be hurt, gently drew it away, and linked her arm in her sister's.

'Come and sit beside us, Bettikins, while we eat,' she whispered.

'Certainly not!' said Bett stiffly, drawing herself up. 'I know my place better.'

Whereupon Catherine urged her so pathetically, with the tears in her pretty eyes, vowing she could not and would not touch a morsel if Betty did not come, and Mr. Black also magnanimously adding his entreaties, that at length she yielded and went.

'But, of course, it will be all up with your career now,' she remarked gloomily when they were alone. 'No more telling of stories for the public ear to hear.'

'Oh, yes—yes, indeed! Far better telling of stories, for he, Ludovic,' Catherine blushed more charmingly than anyone I know, 'will help me.'

'Ludovic! Is that Mr. Black's name? What an odd, heathenish sound it has! Where did he pick it up?'

'It came from a Highland grandfather.'

'Indeed! How well acquainted you are already with the family history! And so he says you may go on with your work. Ah well, my dear, let us be thankful for small mercies. There is at least one thing,' she continued sighingly, 'about which I do feel a little thankful; and that is that you will no longer keep up your friendship with Mrs. Lerock.'

'Betty!' Catherine looked at her with wide open, wondering eyes. 'Do you mean to say, because I am so happy now, that I will give her up? No, no; a hundred times no! I long more than ever—I wish with my whole heart and soul to make her happy, too. I do not know why God is so good to me,' she said with a little trembling sob. 'Who am I to have this great happiness more than any other? I do not deserve it. I must walk very reverently and carefully before Him all the days of my life.'

'Catherine,' said Betty thoughtfully after a pause, 'I wonder if Mr. Black knows what a strong will you have. Perhaps he may not like you when he finds it out.'

'Time will show,' said Catherine softly, with a radiant face.

And Time, who carries in that mysterious wallet on his back the secrets of many hearts, the answers to many questions, has shown. Mr. and Mrs. Black are the happiest couple in the world, and their home is the pleasantest one in London. Mr. Black's mother said she had waited long enough for a daughter, but at last one was given her completely after her own heart. Every now and again I read in Mr. Black's magazine a little story, sweet, fresh, and sympathetic, as is the heart of the woman who wrote it, and I know it is Catherine's work.

There is a beautiful, rich, young widow, whose life is indeed another book, about whom at one time many tales were told. But these, the world now says, must certainly have been untrue; else why should she be seen so constantly at the house of 'those very nice Blacks'?

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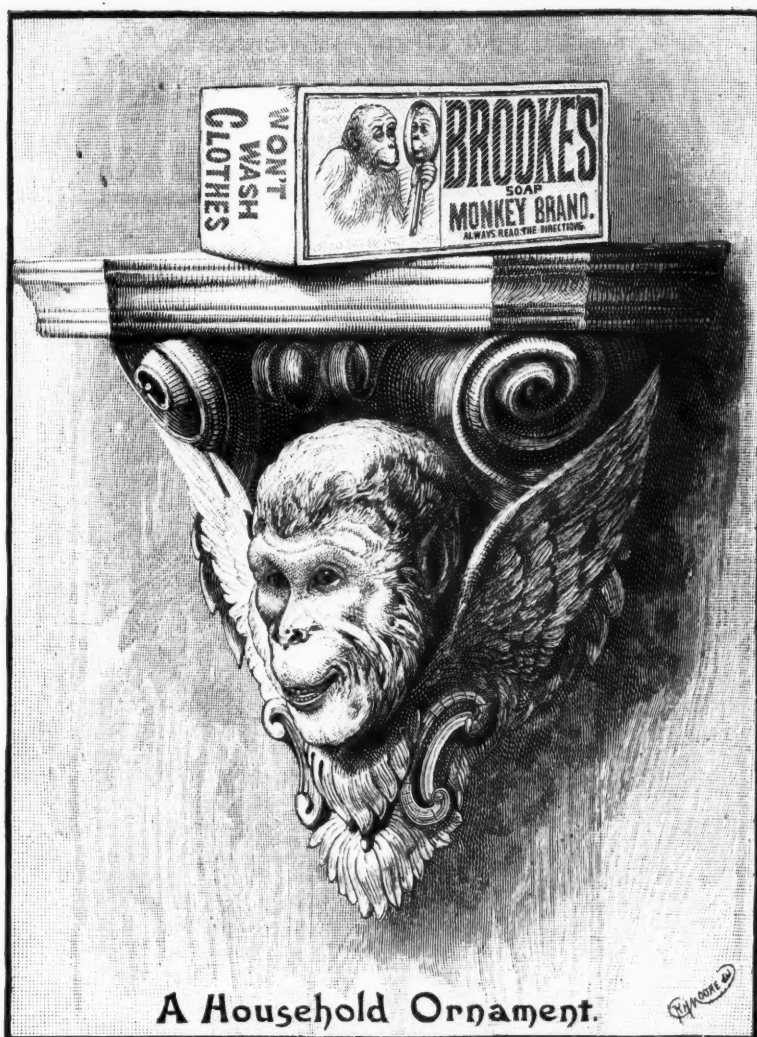


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